

THE AMERICAN

JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

VOL. XVII.—NO. 433.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1888.

PRICE, 6 CENTS.

THE AMERICAN

A NATIONAL JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON EACH SATURDAY.

THE AMERICAN COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS
WHARTON BARKER, President.
HOWARD M. JENKINS, Sec. and Treas.
ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON, Chief Editorial Contributor.

Business and Editorial Offices:
No. 921 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER:

REVIEW OF THE WEEK,	83
EDITORIAL:	
The Attack on the Trusts,	86
SPECIAL ARTICLES:	
Out-door Life in November,	87
The University Expedition,	88
WEEKLY NOTES,	88
POETRY:	
Frederick,	89
REVIEWS:	
Wilstach's "The Divine Comedy of Dante,"	89
Kenderdine's "A California Tramp,"	91
Whitman's "November Boughs,"	91
Upton's "The Standard Symphonies,"	91
Blake's and Sullivan's "Mexico,"	92
Bradford's "Spirit and Life,"	92
Quincy's "The Peckster Professorship,"	92
Simon's "Victor Cousin,"	92
Briefer Notices,	92
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS,	93
PERIODICAL LITERATURE,	94
ART NOTES,	94
SCIENCE NOTES,	94
PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED,	95
DRIFT,	95

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND ADVERTISING.

Subscription, \$3.00 per annum. Subscribers must notify us when they wish to discontinue.

Advertising rates for short or long time furnished on application.

Specimen copies sent upon application.

A copy will be sent free to each advertiser during the continuance of his advertisement.

CHECKS, POSTAL ORDERS, ETC., should be drawn to order of HOWARD M. JENKINS, TREASURER.

*.*Address through post-office: "THE AMERICAN, Box 924, Philadelphia."

*.*THE AMERICAN is on sale at the following news stands:

Mangan's, 41 South Eighth street; Wanamaker's, Book Department; T. A. Cullen's, 107 South Broad street; Continental News Stand, Continental Hotel; Fifth and Chestnut streets; etc.

FINE ARTS.

McCLEES'

GALLERIES,

1417 CHESTNUT STREET.

SPECIAL EXHIBITION OF THE SELECT
ETCHED WORK OF THE DISTIN-
GUISHED AMERICAN ARTIST,

PETER MORAN.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ART GIFT-BOOKS.

ENDYMION,

By JOHN KEATS. Illustrated by W. St. John Harper. THE GIFT-BOOK OF THE YEAR. This poem is now presented in the setting it deserves. Illustrated by numerous photogravures from original drawings made for this art edition, and printed in delicate tints in connection with the text. Royal quarto, cloth, \$15.00.

FAIRY LILIAN.

By ALFRED (LORD) TENNYSON. Illustrated by the most distinguished artists of the day. The volume is a marvel of the printer's art, showing on each page a delicate border in tint surrounding the illustration in black. Cloth, full gilt, \$6.00; full seal, \$8.00; tree calf, \$13.00.

EUROPEAN ETCHINGS.

A collection of 20 etchings by the most noted artists of Europe, with descriptive text. Edition limited to 355 copies, of which there are 250 proofs on Holland paper, bound in half morocco, \$15.00.

RECENT ITALIAN ART.

Sixteen photo-etchings from the best paintings of modern Italian artists, with descriptive text by Walter Rowlands. Folio, cloth, \$7.50.

THE BUGLE SONG, AND OTHER POEMS.

By ALFRED (LORD) TENNYSON, fully illustrated by the best American artists. Cloth, gilt, \$1.50; seal, \$2.50.

GOUPIL GALLERY OF PHOTOGRAVURES.

This charming collection of French masterpieces presents ten photogravures by Goupil & Cie, of Paris, from recent Salon favorites, accompanied by descriptive text by a well known art critic. 1 vol., large quarto, cloth, beveled and full gilt, \$3.75.

. For sale by booksellers, or sent, prepaid, on receipt of price, by

ESTES & LAURIAT, Publishers, Boston.

No. 46 OF THE AMERICAN EDITION OF PARIS ILLUSTRE.

Published by Goupil & Co.,

HAS A BEAUTIFUL

DOUBLE-PAGE PICTURE IN COLORS.

Paris Illustré has no rival among illustrated weeklies, either in Europe or America. Price 25 cents per copy.

TO BE HAD OF ALL NEWSDEALERS.

Sole Agents throughout the World,
THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO.,
New York and London.

INTERIOR DECORATION.

AMOS HILLBORN & CO.,

Designers and Manufacturers of

FINE FURNITURE BEDDING

AND

DECORATIVE UPHOLSTERY.

**NO. 1027 MARKET STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.**

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DECEMBER ATLANTIC

Now ready, contains, with other articles,
William Warren.

An admirable paper on the famous Comedian by the accomplished dramatic critic HENRY A. CLAPP.

The Future of the Country College.

By President HYDE of Bowdoin.

Urbs Animæ.

A charming Essay on Rome and the poet Rutilius, by H. W. P. and L. D.

Passe Rose. X.—XII.

Professor A. S. HARDY's very successful Serial Story is continued; and CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK'S **Despot of Broomsedge Cove** is concluded.

THE ATLANTIC FOR 1889

Will contain

Literary, Social, Historical Essays, Stories, Poems, travel Sketches, Papers on Education, Politics, Art, By the foremost American writers.

Serial Stories.

"The Tragic Muse." By HENRY JAMES.

"The Begum's Daughter." By EDWARD L. BYNNER, author of "Agnes of Surriage," "Penelope's Suitors."

"Passe Rose." (Continued till April.) By ARTHUR SHELBURNE HARDY, author of "But Yet a Woman."

The best representative of American periodical literature, which appeals to readers by its own charms.—*New York Evening Post.*

The Atlantic is the one American magazine in which a regard for letters is a controlling motive.—*New York Tribune.*

TERMS: \$4.00 a year in advance, POSTAGE FREE.

The November and December numbers of the Atlantic will be sent free of charge to new subscribers whose subscriptions for 1889 are received before December 20th.

. Postal Notes and Money are at the risk of the sender, and therefore remittances should be made by money-order, draft, or registered letter, to

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO. BOSTON.

THE ALTAR OF EARTH.

OLD TESTAMENT SACRIFICES.

MRS. T. S. CHILDS.

Presbyterian Board of Publication and
Sabbath-School Work,
1334 CHESTNUT STREET.

WANTED

COPIES OF "THE AMERICAN"
OF NOVEMBER 17, 1888.

10 cents each will be paid for a limited number (say 20).

THE AMERICAN,
921 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.

INSURANCE AND TRUST COS.

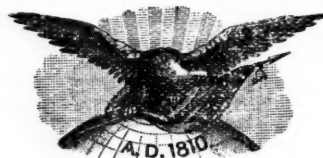
INCORPORATED 1836. CHARTER PERPETUAL

THE GIRARD

LIFE INSURANCE, ANNUITY AND TRUST
Co. OF PHILADELPHIA.

Office, 2020 Chestnut St.

CAPITAL, \$500,000. SURPLUS, \$1,400,000.

ACTS AS EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR
GUARDIAN, TRUSTEE, COMMITTEE OR
RECEIVER, AND RECEIVES DEPOSITS
ON INTEREST, AND INSURES
LIVES AND GRANTS ANNUITIES.President, Effingham B. Morris.
Vice-President and Treasurer, Henry Tatnall,
Actuary, William P. Huston.
Assistant Treasurer, William N. Ely.
Real Estate Officer, Nathaniel B. Crenshaw.
Solicitor, George Tucker Bispham.Effingham B. Morris, John B. Garrett,
George Taber, William H. Jenks,
Seth I. Comly, George Tucker Bispham,
H. H. Burroughs, William H. Gaw,
John A. Brown, Jr., B. Andrews Knight,
William Massey, Samuel B. Brown,
Benjamin W. Richards, Francis I. Gowen.THE AMERICAN
FIRE INSURANCE CO.Office in Company's Building,
308 AND 310 WALNUT STREET, PHILA.CASH CAPITAL, \$500,000.00
RESERVED FOR REINSURANCE AND ALL OTHER
CLAIMS, 1,383,298.65
SURPLUS OVER ALL LIABILITIES, 461,120.10

Total assets, Oct. 1, 1887, \$2,344,418.75.

DIRECTORS:

T. H. MONTGOMERY, ALEXANDER BIDDLE,
JOHN T. LEWIS, CHAS. P. PEROT,
ISRAEL MORRIS, JOS. E. GILLINGHAM,
P. S. HUTCHINSON, SAMUEL WELSH,
CHARLES S. WHELEN,
THOMAS H. MONTGOMERY, President,
RICHARD MARIS, Secretary,
JAMES B. YOUNG, Actuary.

STATIONARY, ETC.

THINGS YOU WANT

- \$1.50** Will buy a gold fountain pen and quart of our imperial ink. Regular price \$2.50.
- 20 CTS.** Will buy a pound of Flax paper, 6 quires to the pound.
- 50 CTS.** Will buy a Lap Tablet. Former price 85 cents.
- 50 CTS.** Will buy a plush box with paper and envelopes. Former price 85 cents.
- \$3.50.** Will buy a Copying Press 10 x 12 size
- \$1.35.** Will buy 1,000 white high cut xx-6 envelopes.

HOSKINS,
MANUFACTURING STATIONERS,
927 Arch Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

INSURANCE AND TRUST COS.

THE FIDELITY

Insurance, Trust and Safe Deposit
Company of Philadelphia.

325-331 CHESTNUT STREET.

Charter Perpetual.

CAPITAL, \$2,000,000. SURPLUS, \$1,750,000

SECURITIES AND VALUABLES of every description, including BONDS and STOCKS, PLATE, JEWELRY, DEEDS, etc., taken for SAFE KEEPING on SPECIAL GUARANTEE at the lowest rates.

Vault Doors guarded by the Yale and Hall Time Locks.

The Company also RENTS SAFES INSIDE ITS BURGLAR-PROOF VAULTS, at prices varying from \$15 to \$75, according to size. An extra size for corporations and bankers; also, desirable safes in upper vaults for \$10. Rooms and desks adjoining vaults provided for safe-renters.

DEPOSITS OF MONEY RECEIVED ON INTEREST.

INCOME COLLECTED and remitted for a moderate charge.

The Company acts as EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR and GUARDIAN, and RECEIVES AND EXECUTES TRUSTS of every description from the courts, corporations and individuals.

ALL TRUST FUNDS AND INVESTMENTS are kept separate and apart from the assets of the Company. As additional security, the Company has a special trust capital of \$1,000,000, primarily responsible for its trust obligations.

WILLS RECEIVED FOR and safely kept without charge.

STEPHEN A. CALDWELL, President.
JOHN B. GEST, Vice-President, and in charge of the Trust Department.
ROBERT PATTERSON, Treasurer and Secretary.
CHAS. ATHERTON, Assistant Treasurer.
R. L. WRIGHT, Jr., Assistant Secretary.

DIRECTORS.

STEPHEN A. CALDWELL, WILLIAM H. MERRICK,
EDWARD W. CLARK, JOHN B. GEST,
GEORGE F. TYLER, EDWARD T. STEEL,
HENRY C. GIBSON, THOMAS DRAKE,
THOMAS MCKEAN, C. A. GRISCOM,
JOHN C. BULLITT.

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.

The Guarantee

TRUST AND SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY

In its New Fire-Proof Building,

Nos. 316, 318 & 320 Chestnut Street,

IS PREPARED TO RENT SAFES IN ITS FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF VAULTS, with Combination and Permutation Locks that can be opened only by the renter, at \$9, \$10, \$14, \$16 and \$20; large sizes for corporations and bankers.

ALLOW INTEREST ON DEPOSITS OF MONEY ACT AS EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, GUARDIAN, Assignee, Committee, Receiver, Agent, Attorney, etc.

EXECUTE TRUSTS of every kind under appointment of States, Courts, Corporations or Individuals—holding Trust Funds separate and apart from all other assets of the Company.

COLLECT INTEREST OR INCOME, and transact all other business authorized by its charter.

RECEIVE FOR SAFE KEEPING, UNDER GUARANTEE, VALUABLES of every description, such as Coupon, Registered and other Bonds, Certificates of Stock, Deeds, Mortgages, Coin, Plate, Jewelry, etc. etc.

RECEIPT FOR AND SAFELY KEEP WILLS without charge.

For further information, call at the office or send for a circular.

THOMAS COCHRAN, President.
EDWARD C. KNIGHT, Vice-President.
HARRY J. DELANY, Treasurer.
JOHN JAY GILROY, Secretary.
RICHARD C. WINSHIP, Trust Officer.

DIRECTORS.

Thomas Cochran, W. Rotch Wister,
Edward C. Knight, Alfred Fittler,
J. Barlow Moorhead, J. Dickinson Sergeant,
Thomas MacKellar, Aaron Fries,
John J. Stadiger, Charles A. Sparks,
Clayton French, Joseph Moore, Jr.,
Richard E. Cook

WANAMAKER'S.

Philadelphia, November, 1888.

BOOK NEWS is made to tell you how you can get your Books without doubt or risk, and for far less money than you suppose—if you've been trusting to the common run of dealers and price-lists. Every month a list of the New Books with a sample of their substance, or the opinion of the best critics as to their worth. And a reason for the opinion: you might not agree with the critics.

Chat of authors and publishers, original articles on bookish subjects, and with each issue a plate-paper portrait of a notable writer. 5c. 50c a year.

Sample copy by mail, free.

We've a big table in our Book Department where a sample of the new books lands at the first jump. Always full of the latest. Look and welcome.

Any proper Book is here, or we'll get it.

JOHN WANAMAKER,
Philadelphia.

FINE JEWELRY.

Fall
Importations

Mr. J. Albert Caldwell's selections and purchases in Europe, which have been arriving for some weeks past, have recently been supplemented by additional invoices from Paris, Berlin and Vienna. Magnificent Christmas Presents are now on view, among which are special and exclusive articles not to be met with elsewhere.

ADDITIONAL
INVOICESJ. E.
Caldwell
& Co.902
Chestnut
Street.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BABYHOOD.—DEVOTED TO THE CARE OF Infants. \$1.50 a year. P. O. Box 3123, New York. Sold by all Newsdealers. 15 cents a copy.

THE AMERICAN.

VOL. XVII.—NO. 433.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1888.

PRICE, 6 CENTS

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

IN the open and public information concerning the next House of Representatives, there is but one definite change since last week, one close California district being now conceded to the Democrats,—making the delegation 4 Republicans, instead of 5, as we counted. The Republican majority in the House, “on the face of the returns,” is therefore 5, if we are to allow the Democrats 3 members in West Virginia, where they have not more than 2, if so many.

But it may as well be understood that nothing is yet settled concerning the House. The “counting out” business in the South is steadily going on. It is now announced that Evans, elected in the Chattanooga district of Tennessee, will be thrown out, and that the same thing will be done with Stockbridge, in Baltimore, and with Coleman, in New Orleans. All these are Republicans, and their election has been conceded by everybody: they have been included in the lists of members elect given in the newspapers of all varieties of opinion. But their certificates of election, in order to be regular, must have the approval of the Governors of their States, and this, it is now understood, will not be given. The change of three, thus proposed, will make the House substantially a tie, and as there is evidently a systematic plan of precedence, other changes of the kind may be expected, giving finally a Democratic majority, according to the roll made up by the present Clerk, Mr. Clark.

We say it is reasonable to expect this. There is clear evidence of a steady work of “counting out.” We presume it has been decided in Democratic councils to obstruct the new Administration, by putting the House of Representatives in the opposition. This will serve the Free Trade interests by blocking a revision of the Tariff on Protection lines. It will serve the partisan plans of the Democratic leaders by obstructing the admission of the new States. The growth of the Republican strength in the Northwest,—the very quarter where, as the sanguine Marble assured the confiding President, Free Trade was ready to bloom forth in all its effulgence,—has carried dismay to the Democratic headquarters. Dakota formed into two States, and followed by Montana, Washington, and Wyoming, make a procession frightful indeed to those in whom the hope is already formed that in 1892 there may still be a Solid South to unite with the saloons of Manhattan Island, and that with Hill as the candidate the disasters of 1888 may be avoided. The chapter of accidents is trusted to. It is argued that General Harrison may make mistakes: he may follow Mr. Arthur’s earlier course, and repeat, in the midst of his term, the disasters of 1882. It is better, Mr. Gorman doubtless argues, to hold on to the House at least, and wait for chances of reversing the present situation.

THE counting out is done in accordance with this programme. It is really the one interesting and important feature of public affairs at this moment. Talk about the new Administration is speculative and future, but this is right here, and real. It is possible that it may be found, after all, that the scheme is impracticable, because of the impossibility of securing more than three or five Democratic majority, at most. This is certainly a serious objection to it, for three or five majority in opposition to a new Administration, and against the revision of the Tariff, and the admission of Dakota, will be a rather slim breakwater. But the Clerk’s roll, according to usage, is that upon which the House is organized, and if Mr. Carlisle is again made Speaker, and the Committees are made up by him upon the scandalous models of the last two Congresses, the difficulties and embarrassments of General Harri-

son’s Administration will be materially increased. It is very probable that we are to pass through two years of close and exciting party struggle at Washington. A few days will shed light upon the subject.

If there is anything quite certain about the new administration, it is that Mr. Harrison will be president, and nobody else, and that the Cabinet, he will appoint will be made up of men who commend themselves to his judgment as likely to strengthen his hands both by their general harmony with his own ideas of public policy, and by the weight of their ability and their character. A vast deal of guessing and suggesting has already been done for him, but after all it will come back to the ground just described. Fortunately, he has had extended experience of public life; he has spent six years in the midst of the operations of the national government; and he knows, or knows of, the men who compose the materials likely to be drawn upon for his assistants and advisers. He comes to the work of selection, therefore, well equipped for making it in such a way as to best assure the success of his Administration.

There is a single suggestion that is entitled to serious attention: it is that of Mr. Sherman for the Department of State. It would be difficult indeed for General Harrison to make a more fit, or a stronger selection.

EVERYBODY will appreciate, surely, that now that General Harrison and Mr. Morton have been elected, they should have opportunity to take care of their health and strength. General Harrison ought to have three months of quiet, before he enters upon his high duties. Never, perhaps, was a candidate for the presidency more severely worked, and it is not to be forgotten that it was the pestering of the politicians after the election of 1840, that wore out his grandfather,—who was, to be sure, a much older man. Calls, delegations, letters, and telegrams should be reduced to the minimum, and the president-elect left as far as possible to the wholesome routine of his family and professional life, until the time comes for his inauguration.

Mr. Morton, perhaps, was not so hard worked but he is not so young a man and is more liable to injury from exposure. It certainly was ill considered to have him spend an hour and a half on the balcony of the Union League building in such a temperature as we had in Philadelphia last Saturday evening, reviewing a parade. If that indiscretion had resulted, as it well might, in a visitation of pneumonia, what would be the Republican position and the public feeling? Not to speak of considerations personal to himself and his friends, Mr. Morton’s presence in the Senate, and possible vote, are matters of high national importance. And we also owe something to the American people, and should make no unreasonable demands on the time and strength of the gentlemen whom their suffrages have selected for the highest elective offices known to the world.

THE Mugwumps are happy in the discovery that one obscure Republican newspaper calls for the repeal of the Civil Service Reform law, and in believing the report that some Republican member of Congress is going to introduce a bill to that effect. As both the Republican party and the President-elect have pronounced for the maintenance and enforcement of the law, there is not the slightest danger that it will be repealed, or even that it will be modified except by reinforcement and enlargement of its provisions. And we venture the prediction that a Republican postmaster, who secures nine-tenths of the appointments under competitive examinations to his party friends, will have to step up and explain his methods to a very resolute gentleman at the head of the government, as Mr. Harrity has not had to do.

As to the far greater body of offices outside the scope of the Pendleton law, we believe that Mr. Harrison will stand by his declaration that removals should be made only with a view to the interests of the public service. This commits him to displacing (1) the occupants of offices of political importance, cabinet officials, and others. (2) The Democratic officials whose record, character, and maladministration have been a public grievance for years past, as Mr. Harrison showed in his speech in the administration of the Civil Service in his own State. (3) Those incompetents who were appointed to places which require expert men, and who should now give way to the Republicans who were turned out of office to make room for them, except where they have acquired in the meantime the experience which fits them to go on. (4) Those partisans, who for party reasons, were put into places occupied by soldiers of the war. The Republican party stands pledged to restore these. (5) Officials who have abused their power or neglected their duties in the part they took in the recent campaign.

But after all these five classes have been disposed of, there will remain a considerable number of Democrats in offices which Republicans will be eager to secure, and it is the action in regard to these that will most seriously try the patience and test the courage of Mr. Harrison and his subordinate officials.

THE political inclination of the Territories of the Northwest becomes a matter of special interest, in view of the proposal to admit them as States. The feeling of Dakota is well known: its division on party lines, whether brought in as one State or two, will be much like that of Kansas,—though it is true that there is a considerable element of Canadian immigration in the northern section which is now inclined to be Democratic.

Montana, however, has been regarded as much less inclined to the Republican side than Dakota, and has usually sent a Democratic delegate to Congress. The present delegate, Mr. Toole, was elected in 1886 by a majority of 3,500, and is a Democrat. But the Territory drifted around squarely at the election just held, and the Republican candidate for Delegate, Thomas H. Carter, is elected by a majority about as great as that for Toole two years ago,—say 3,000 to 4,000. A trade newspaper, the *Live Stock Journal*, of Helena, discussing this result, says that Toole's large majority, in 1886, was partly due to personal popularity, and that the Territory then might be considered about equally divided between the two parties, but that this year a marked change has occurred. This is due, first, to immigration, which is from the northern States, and mostly Republican; and second, to the free wool and reduced tariff on lead, proposed in the Mills bill. If we may rest upon the statements of the *Journal*, Montana is certain to be, like Dakota, a very decided Republican State.

We have already remarked upon the evidence that the gain for Protection, in the recent election, was made among the farmers of the country districts, and the skilled mechanics of the towns and cities. These were classes to whom the arguments of the canvass were something more than mere sound and fury, and who were able to settle for themselves the vital facts of the case. The *New York Sun*, speaking on this point, substantially, and making a special study of the vote of Brooklyn, says the Democratic losses were in the districts of small homes: "In the brown stone districts Cleveland held his own; in the tenements he made gains; but in the districts of small homes, those gains were overcome." Much the same thing will be observed generally throughout the North. In Pennsylvania, as was mentioned a week ago, the Republican gains are spread over the State, fifty counties out of sixty-six showing more or less, and the analysis of the vote will show that they were almost uniformly made among the farmers, as in Lancaster, Chester, Washington, and other counties, or among the more intelligent working people. This is perfectly satisfactory to Protectionists. It proves that sound views are

fixed in the popular mind, and that it only needs time and effort to diffuse them still farther among the voting elements who as yet have not comprehended the question.

GEORGIA is solid for Mr. Cleveland and Democracy; but by what methods? In one Georgia town a single white man voted for Mr. Harrison and not for Mr. Cleveland. He did this not as an enemy of "white man's government," but because he was a Protectionist in principle, and believed Mr. Cleveland to be a Free Trader. As no black man in the town dared to vote with him, his vote was the solitary one cast for the successful candidate in that place. So for the scandal of breaking the political unanimity of the town, his neighbors took him and flogged him with a cowhide! This is in the year 1888, twenty-three years after the surrender at Appomattox, and from a state whose newspapers tell Mr. Harrison to deal gently with their prejudices against negro rule. Such an occurrence shows that the Glenn bill, to send Northern teachers to the chain gang for teaching their own children in the same classes as their colored pupils was no empty threat. That bill would have been passed and the sentence would have been inflicted, if Northern Democrats had not insisted on some regard for public decency. And now Georgia, no doubt, wants to know what was gained by failing to pass it. It is certain that Atlanta College has been refused the \$8,000 of national money it formerly received not from but through the State Treasury because it will not abandon the practise to be punished. And it is far from improbable that the bill will be passed at the next session.

It seems by no means unlikely that the services rendered to the liquor interest of New York State by the Prohibitionists in defeating Mr. Warner Miller, may not prove of so much value as the saloon-keepers supposed. The Republicans lack a few votes of a two-thirds majority in both branches of the legislature, but the County Democracy has saved out of its wreck members more than enough to make up the deficiency. It therefore is just possible that there will be a fusion to carry both High License and Ballot Reform over Governor Hill's veto, as the County Democracy are about angry enough to take that or any feasible method of punishing Tammany and asserting that they themselves still are of importance. Should the legislature just elected break the power of the liquor interest and reform the election methods of the State, that of itself would put the politics of New York into a much more satisfactory shape for the future. And probably it would discourage the saloon-keepers and brewers from raising big sums of money to pay Democratic election expenses, when it was found that these were of no avail after all. But can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Can any gain for good government be expected from either of the Democratic factions in New York City?

Should these hopes prove unfounded, the Republicans unquestionably will take up the issue again at the next State election, when it will be free from complications with national politics, and will try to rally all honest men to support them in putting the liquor traffic under proper restraints.

SECRETARY FAIRCHILD does right in appealing from the law laid down by Judge McKennan, of this Circuit Court, in the Wanamaker ribbon case. It will be satisfactory to see whether the Supreme Court will also rule that ribbons cease to be ribbons when used for trimming hats and bonnets. The *Textile Record*, discussing the subject, rightly objects to the ruling of the Circuit Court as not common sense, and the *Providence Journal* says,—with some reflections on Mr. Wanamaker which we omit:

"The Department proposes to appeal to the Supreme Court against the decision of the Philadelphia Court, by which Mr. Wanamaker has been enabled to import silk ribbons for hat bands at 30 per cent. less duty than the law designed. It has also directed the District Attorney at New York to bring suit in a similar case in that city, and orders customs officials to keep on assessing the higher duty, and thus force decisions from the courts in

every case, unless the Supreme Court shall by its action in the Wanamaker matter establish a general rule for the appraisement of duties upon these goods. This is a determination which should meet with general approval among the people. The ultimate remedy for evils of this sort is legislative and not judicial. Whatever differences of view there may be as to the merits or demerits of various tariff schedules, the need for such a revision as shall do away with the present ambiguities, and make it impossible to thwart the will of Congress by juggling with words, will scarcely be disputed. This matter of the silk schedule, however, is one of the gravest import to our own silk manufacturing industry. Mr. Wanamaker has secured a decision which, if it shall stand, will make it possible for unprincipled importers to commit the grossest frauds on the customs, and to seriously impair the future of our silk industry."

On the closing day of the Chicago meeting of the National Board of Trade two resolutions of national importance were adopted. The first demands "early action" for Congress to reduce the national revenues "in a way which will least embarrass existing industries." This may be fairly described as a demand for the passage of the Senate's revenue bill. It is the only proposal before the country to reduce the national revenues, which has not been condemned by the vote of the American people. It exactly fits the description of the bill that is wanted. Let Congressmen take notice that its passage is demanded by the business community through its accredited national organ.

The other resolution proposes that subsidies similar to those granted to the steamships of other countries for carrying the mails be granted to American steamship lines. On this point the great commercial bodies of every one of our seaports, not excepting Democratic New York and Mugwump Boston, have taken the same action. The country has declared for the Protectionist principle, which thus would be applied to our shipping after a trial of Free Trade in ships for exactly a third of a century. We do not think subsidies the best way of applying the principle. We believe that on this point, as on many others, we have to learn from the fathers of the Republic, who created our great mercantile marine by differential duties on goods imported on foreign bottoms. But if subsidies are the only plan, let us avoid the English hypocrisy of paying them under pretense of payment for carrying the mails. That is a Free Trade dodge, to which no protectionist country should stoop. Rather let us be as frank and honest about the matter as are Germany, France, Italy, and other protectionist countries, which pay subsidies openly and as subsidies.

THE Indianapolis meeting of the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor has been notable for the frankness with which the officers of the body have put its situation before its representatives and the public. They say it has lost some 300,000 members, that its income no longer suffices to pay expenses, and that its growth was too rapid to be permanent. In fact the original idea of its founders, to carry organized labor up to a higher economic and moral level, gave way to that of a national Trades' Union, which should embrace all trades at once. As a consequence there was a want of homogeneity in the body after its era of rapid increase began, and one secession after another has rendered it the service of bringing it back to its first platform. The Knights may prove more greatly useful in the future than in the past, if they will return to the principle that coöperation in industrial enterprises rather than strikes, must furnish the solution of the workingman's difficulty. Every Assembly has reiterated this principle, but there has been very little action upon it in the intervals between their sessions. What, for instance, has come of the proposal to put the sewing women of New York City on a footing of decent earnings, by withdrawing patronage from the sweaters, and attempting the establishment of coöperation?

BOSTON has been dedicating a statue of Crispus Attucks, the negro who was shot on the streets by the British soldiers in one of the preliminary scenes of the Revolution. It is of course a fanciful representation of the man, for of him, as of John Harvard,

no authentic portrait or simulacrum of any kind survives. The statue does not please all the critics; but it hardly can be much worse than some of those which already disfigure the streets and public places of that city of taste and intelligence. Up to date no memorial which is really a work of art has been erected in Boston.

A more serious objection to the statue is that Attucks was a street rowdy, who was killed in an unprovoked attack upon the British troops, and that the soldiers used their weapons only in self-defence. It is true that this view was taken at the time, and that patriot lawyers conducted the defence of the soldiers with great ability, when they were put upon trial. But the preponderance of evidence is to the effect that not the citizens but the soldiers were the aggressors, and it was shown that Attucks, although he had defended his fellow citizens with great courage in the earlier part of the day, was merely leaning upon the pole he carried when he received the fatal shot. Nor were the soldiers in any danger of life or limb from him and the people gathered around him.

But in these later days in some American circles the consideration of what is right or wrong, patriotic or unpatriotic, yields to the smaller consideration of the coarse or the refined. *Æsthetics* have taken the place once held by ethics and the love of country, and, looked at in this light, what could be more unseemly than for a Boston Mulatto of 1770 to have been one of a crowd which taunted King George's soldiers as lobsters, and dared them to break the law by firing without authority from a magistrate? So the Tories thought at the time, and a wicked Bostonian suggests that only a fraction of the Tories sailed to Halifax with Gen. Howe, and that their temper still lingers in the modern mugwump, who loves to put his country and her every action on trial on all occasions.

EDUCATIONAL questions still continue to press upon public attention. Boston next month elects a new School Committee along with other city officials, and the question raised by the exclusion of Mr. John Swinton's "History" from the list of textbooks is likely to be a decisive issue. That the Democrats are afraid of it we infer from the offer they have made to unite with the Republicans on a list of candidates for places on the Committee, and thus take the control of the schools out of the arena of party politics.

In Pittsburg there is to be a suit in equity to test the power of the Roman Catholic school directors to lease a school building for use as a Parish school. In Wisconsin the courts of the State have repeated the Pennsylvania decision that the authorized version of the Bible is not a sectarian text-book, and cannot be objected to as such by the Roman Catholic tax-payers, who brought suit to have it excluded.

Columbia College yields to the inevitable in formally sanctioning the erection of an Annex in which young women shall be taught the same subjects and by the same professors as in the College itself, but at different hours and in a different building. The College Trustees are to have a veto over the election of Annex Trustees, and the latter are to erect no dormitory in the vicinity of the College buildings. So far, so good. But some day even Columbia College will see the absurdity of making its professors do their work twice, for the sake of avoiding offense to unreasonable prejudices, which we have inherited from the dark ages.

Mayor Hewitt hesitates about appointing women on the School Board of New York city. The two ladies he appointed last year have done excellent work, but one of them aroused some prejudice by obtaining an investigation into a scandal which had attached to the name of one of the teachers. The teacher was acquitted and the verdict was supposed to discredit Miss Dodge. It known, however, that there was more solid ground for the charges now is than was made to appear during the investigation. Miss Dodge's estimate of the woman is found to have been truer than that of her male associates.

IRELAND gets a rebuff to her national aspirations from two ecclesiastical quarters in the same week. The Pope has issued a rescript to the Roman Catholic bishops, which requires that they and their priests shall preach down the National League. The Irish Presbyterian and other ministers outside the Episcopal Church have united in an address to Lord Salisbury against Home Rule. Politics make strange bedfellows, but we never expected to see the Pope and the Irish General Assembly in the same bed. And we think it must be suggestive to those who declaim that "Home Rule would be Rome Rule" to find the Pope as zealous for the maintenance of alien rule in Ireland as they are. And he is the better informed of the two. So long as England governs Ireland, the patriotic instincts of the Irish people must be enlisted on the side of the religion England persecuted and still proscribes. It must be a point of honor for every Irishman born a Catholic to remain such. It is English rule which has made the Roman Catholicism of Ireland perfervid and unquestioning to a degree not seen in any other part of Europe. The rise of Nationalism has weakened the feeling by drawing Catholics and Protestants into coöperation for a common patriotic object. It has done so in the face of the opposition of the extremists in the Irish and English hierarchy who have been forced to yield to Mr. Parnell a leadership they would fain have kept for themselves. The success of Nationalism would finish the business, by making the issue between Protestantism and Catholicism a purely theological question, and relieving the former of the political stigma which Protestant Ascendancy and English rule have affixed to it. The Pope knows what he is about, unless indeed his action should drive a still larger number of Irishmen to the religious indifference which has been adopted by some of them. The Presbyterians are acting with much less intelligence of the situation, and yet naturally enough, considering the heated controversial atmosphere through which Irish Protestants of all sorts are apt to study situations and events.

MR. GLADSTONE'S opposition to the extension of Lord Ashbourne's Act by appropriating \$25,000,000 to enable Irish tenants to buy out their landlords, has given rise to serious misunderstandings on both sides of the Atlantic. It will be remembered that Mr. Gladstone in 1886 proposed to buy out the whole body of Irish landlords and that this part of his Home Rule scheme encountered only less fierce opposition than did his proposal that the Irish members should cease to sit in the Parliament at Westminster. His Tory opponents appealed so effectively to the British tax-payer that the friends of Home Rule were forced to recognize in this a great and needless weight on the success of the bill as a whole. As a consequence he was forced to the conclusion that the Irish landlords, who had refused his proposal with absolute unanimity, must be left to settle their affairs with an Irish Parliament, whenever that convenes. Now he finds the Tories proposing a return to the very policy they forced him to throw overboard, and the landlords accepting from Lord Salisbury a plan which they rejected when he risked his administration to secure their interests.

Besides this, his plan would have been one for the benefit of the whole tenantry of Ireland, prosperous and unprosperous alike. The Tory plan is one to enable and encourage the prosperous tenants to buy their farms from their landlords, while the depressed and the suffering are left to the tender mercies of the evictors. In his view it is the suffering class which has most claim to be aided at the public expense. Their suffering is due to the fact that after the Land Court had fixed a legal rent of their holdings for fifteen years, there was a great and general fall in the price of farm produce which made those rents impossible. Of this the landlords at once took advantage to get rid of the imperfect rights in the land which the Land Act of 1880 created, and which must lapse whenever the legal rent ceased to be forthcoming on quarter-day. When Mr. Gladstone was in power he carried through the House a bill for the relief of this class of Irish

tenants, but the Lords threw it out. That has been a fruitful source of disturbance and discontent in Ireland ever since, and Mr. Gladstone would put an end to it before dealing with any other aspect of the Irish Land question. His ineffectual opposition to the extension of the Ashbourne Act was therefore not merely a tactical move in the warfare of party. But it will be useful as giving his unfriends a chance to make *their* explanations to the British tax-payer in the next election.

EUROPE again seems moving toward a general war, but past experience warns us to wait for very positive signs before indulging in predictions. Russia moves her troops in great bodies to her Western frontier, and is forbidden to raise a fresh loan in the German bourses, getting it at once in France. Bulgarian exiles are notified that the Czar has been disappointed in his hopes of German support in casting out Prince Ferdinand and restoring the reign of Russian influence in the principality. So Russia washes her hands of Bulgaria, and proclaims at the same time that she has no love for her Teutonic neighbors. All this may mean much, or nothing. It does not mean zeal to keep the peace.

THE ATTACK ON THE TRUSTS.

NOW that the proposal to put an end to Trusts by abolishing the Protective Tariff has been disposed of,—a plan quite equal to that of Charles Lamb's Chinaman, who burnt down his house in order to roast his pig,—the question of repressing them in some reasonable way comes up for rational discussion. None can be more interested in its solution than are Protectionists. Upon home competition they depend to secure fair play to the consumer, maintaining its adequacy for that purpose even when competition from abroad has been limited by law. It therefore is their concern to keep home competition free, and to suffer no restriction of it by any sort of permanent combination. If a "pool" is a mere guard against violent fluctuations of prices, and a means of preventing "cut-throat" competition,—which really tends to destroy vigor of production,—that may be a different matter. To regulate a thing does not imply its restriction, much less its injury.

Something is gained in the attack upon the Trusts by the decision of a California court that contracts made in pursuance of the Trust policy cannot be enforced by law. This is good as imparting a general sense of insecurity to those who enter into such arrangements. But it does not meet the needs of the situation entirely, as it is seldom that suits of any kind arise over such transactions. The rogues do not fall out often enough for honest men to be sure of getting their own. And something more may be secured by local action, like that which the people of Indianapolis took in the matter of the supply of natural gas to that city. The whole business was in danger of passing into the hands of a single monopoly, when the people united to boycott the monopoly and all its connections. As a consequence its power was broken and it had to vacate the field, and the gas is supplied to the city by an arrangement which is for the benefit of the whole city, and not for that of a monopoly. It may yet be found that this most primitive of social weapons, the taboo, may be found the most effective for putting an end to many gross abuses.

But still more direct and efficient must be the prosecution of the corporations which unite into Trusts, as having gone beyond the powers granted in their charters. The corporation is the creature of the State, and it is the right of its creator to say what is permitted to it and what is not. And if there be any danger of creating Trusts of the first instance by incorporating a vast amount of capital in a single firm, this can be prevented by forbidding any corporation to produce more than one-tenth of the amount of the commodity consumed in this country.

Thus far the Sugar Trust has failed of its aim in that it has not succeeded in absorbing the refineries of Philadelphia, Chicago, and San Francisco. These have kept the price of their sugars steadily one-eighth of a cent below the Trust's prices, although

they have had to pay an eighth of a cent more for raw sugars. As a consequence they are busy while the Trust finds it impossible to find work for even the limited number of refineries it proposed to keep in operation, and it has had to close the last it had at work in Boston. In the course of a short time it will have to cut prices in order to save itself, and indeed it will have no option but to do so when Mr. Spreckles gets his big refinery going in this city. The rise of prices it has forced cannot be anything but temporary, just because it was not able to kill off those refineries which would not come into its consolidation.

It is a matter of gratification that while the refiners of New York and New England rose as one man to the bait, those of our own city refused to do so, and that from Philadelphia will come the destruction of the unrighteous combination. As for the notion that this and similar Trusts are going to have an easier time under a Republican administration than they would have had if Mr. Cleveland had been elected, it is fully refuted by the fact that nearly every Trust in this country is under the control of members of his own party. Certainly Mr. Harrison's letter of acceptance and the Chicago platform on which he comments does not furnish any such assurances. And it now remains to be seen what the Democratic government of New York is going to do with the Sugar Trust, over which it has far more immediate power than the national government possesses.

In England the Salt Trust has absorbed all the works but one, and this is the property of a Liberal, while the others are in the ownership of Tories and Unionists. So the Gladstonians are bringing the question into politics, not by proposing legislation,—for legislation against Trusts would be very difficult in a Free Trade country,—but by popular agitation to injure the party by holding it responsible for the acts of its friends. This will provoke a discussion of Trusts, which if it does not stop the mouths of those American Free Traders who contend that Trusts are the natural offspring of the Tariff, and that England and other Free Trade countries are quite free from them, will at least demonstrate that on this line as on others the facts are fatal to their theories.

OUT DOOR LIFE IN NOVEMBER.

THE change of the landscape's prevailing tint from green to brown is not a cheerful one. Look wheresoever one may, he is pretty sure, in November, to drift into a brown study, and this is seldom exhilarating.

"Whither shall I wander?" has been the initial question of each available day, and now, a goodly portion of the month having passed, I find my note-books recording, to describe it somewhat figuratively, the fact that my home has been the wheel's hub and my daily routes a series of closely-set spokes. The dreary, lifeless and repellant features of many a ramble had better be passed by in silence. Winter's skirmishers, the white frosts, have strewn many a field with dead flowers, and who cares to crush their bleached skeletons at every step? But deflecting a little from the preceding day's course, I have sometimes avoided these sad reminders of the defeated summer and chanced upon sheltered nooks from which the besieging frosts have retired discomfited. One such, strange as it may seem, was a wide reach of level meadow dotted with old trees. The day was essentially forbidding. A gray sky, a fog-patched atmosphere, and a fitful, chilly breeze that smote my cheek whichever way I turned, were discouraging at the outset, but abundant recompense awaited me, for the meadow was yet beautiful, green as in May, and rang with the voices of a thousand forms of life. The meadow-mice held high carnival in their grass-hidden run-ways; the birds of the season, best equipped of all creatures for finding where summer still lingers, had congregated here. Snakes still tarried, although the nights are cool, and insect-life crowded alike the trees, shrubbery, and sod, singing and humming without appreciable rest, and above all, I heard from the tangled marsh afar off, a regretful frog twanging his unstrung harp.

Small areas of such cheerful meadow are not uncommon, and during November and all through the winter, they are a source of wonder. A sense of mystery rests over them. An acre or perhaps ten or more of living green, surrounded by hundreds of lifeless brown, impresses every one who sees it. At least, I have escaped those who could pass it by unheeded. Abercromby, in his volume on weather, remarks: "From the fact that frost depends on radiation, we can readily explain why cold is so local. Radia-

tion is very sensitive; the least breath of wind or any local shelter may interfere with the free play of radiation, and so we find two places only a few miles apart, one of which records 10° or 15° lower than the other."

In a somewhat similar, if not precisely the same way, the home meadows differ *inter se*. I have not gone to the trouble of hanging thermometers at different points, and tabulated the readings of a given hour, but the natural effect of a difference of 10° or 15° is often noticed between two meadow tracts, separated perhaps by only so slight a barrier as a willow hedge. But this alone cannot account for all the differences we find, and to the warming influence of a wind-guard must be added the condition of the soil, the amount of decomposition of vegetable matter, and the elevation above tide water. Then again, many a green meadow remains so throughout the winter, because hardy plants have replaced less vigorous ones, and we have many growths that retain their chlorophyll unaltered, even though subjected to actual freezing.

I have had reference only to such tracts as could be walked over in safety: but the same difference in a more marked degree is noticeable in the low lying wet meadows which are often scarcely more than a quaking mass of weeds and water, often many feet in depth. Summer lingers among these tracts in direct proportion to the abundance of bottom springs. I have been long familiar with some forty acres of such quaking meadow, or, more properly, marsh. Three years ago it was divided by a gravel bank, of considerable width, that rests upon the hard-pan, and prevents the commingling of the water on the two sides. One-half of the tract remains as it has always been; the other is permanently submerged to such a depth that the characteristic vegetation of the marsh has been killed. It is most instructive to walk during the winter along the embankment. Summer lingers in the marsh; even when the drowned meadow is firmly frozen. The severest weather has little effect upon the unaltered tract, and never has its "Seven Spring Corner" been glassed with ice. As a consequence, animal life is little affected where the warm spring water keeps the meadow green; and here it is, that, in the matter of their habits, the many forms of animals living in this marshy tract contradict the statements of those who think of winter as reducing the active life of summer to comparative inactivity, or as its actual destroyer. The destructive effects of severe cold holds largely good, of course, of the upland ponds, and is true, now, of the "lake," as my neighbor calls his submerged meadow, but it is not applicable to the unaltered marsh that adjoins it. If the startling differences sometimes to be seen between adjoining fields and more frequently between contiguous tracts of meadow, had been more generally noticed by out-of-door students of animal life, dogmatic statements to the effect that once winter arrives, life flees the spot or retires to hibernacula, would not so frequently mar the pages of our natural histories.

To return to the green meadow with its towering trees, that had not yet acknowledged the sovereignty of winter. I had first to marvel at the abundance of the birds. Their voices filled the air, yet I could not find them. Save a brown creeper or a blue nut-hatch, not a feather showed in any tree nor in the tangle that now hid the treacherous barbed-wire fence, through which I had had to struggle. As I progressed in my too eager search, I finally came, very abruptly, upon the congregated songsters, an enormous flock of cowpen birds. These are small, steel-blue black-birds, with a dozen common names and one hideous scientific one. As single individuals, they excite little interest, and their best efforts at singing fall far short of success; but when a thousand or more are gathered together, their united voices closely verge upon melody, although never so thrilling as is a chorus of ten thousand red-wings.

Desirous of watching these birds close at hand, as they ran over the ground, reminding me of an excited colony of ants, I approached far more cautiously than I had been doing, and kept my hands behind me. My curiosity increasing, I attempted to approach within a dozen steps of them, and so, as usual, overstepped the mark. The birds nearest me arose, each with a warning chirp, and in a moment the broad landscape before me was shut from view. Broader and higher grew this solid wall of birds, and when its base line was lifted from the ground, the curious spectacle of a retreating hill confronted me; for I can liken this moving mass unto nothing else. Suddenly, caught by a passing breeze, more quickly than it had veiled the landscape, the flock became a thin sheet of which I could see but a ragged, fluttering edge. Then, caught by the wind, each bird was tilted towards me for an instant, the light played upon its back, and a broad sheet of silver floated across the meadow, settling slowly on the leaf-strewn sod and lost to view, although not twenty rods away.

Piqued by my failure to approach as closely as I wished, I made a second attempt; creeping, this time upon my hands and knees for nearly one hundred yards. But this again was illy

planned. I could see the birds, at times, it was true, but only caught the most aggravating glimpses, and learned nothing, except that the same extraordinary restlessness possessed them, that I had previously noticed. Tiring soon of my futile efforts to learn even the cause of this I arose without any caution and stood in full view, not five paces distant. Not a bird noticed me! If they saw me at all, I was mistaken for a bush; but I gained one point: I saw that they were feeding upon insects. Running forward, and shouting at the same moment, the whole thousand or more took flight as one bird, drifting before the wind like the autumn leaves that mingled with them, over and beyond the adjoining marshes.

The departing cowpen birds did not leave me deserted; but the contrast, for a time, suggested solitude. The merry clatter of their many voices still rang in my ears, but was gone in a moment, when I heard the sharp "peep" of Pickering's hyla. Perhaps no autumn sound is so generally misinterpreted as this. Few people in this region seem to know that so small a tree-toad exists, and most of those who do, attribute its shrill call, particularly when heard in November, to a bird. It is not a strange mistake. The familiar tree-toad of summer has long since been silent, or practically so; and then, we never associate him with November and the leafless tree-tops. At best, he lives among the lower branches and I, for one, have never found them at any great distance from the ground. Among the old apple trees in the lane, all that I have ever seen, have been nearer the ground than the trees' tops; but, on the other hand, the dainty, little yellow tree-toad—Pickering's hyla of the naturalists—is seldom content with so humble a perch, and when, in summer, they quit their aquatic and mud life for an arboreal one, they often wander to the very highest available resting places in the trees. I once found one at the very top of a tulip tree at least sixty feet from the ground. "Peeping" shrilly at such an elevation, it is little wonder that the sound should be thought to be the whistling of a bird.

As so often happens at the close of a dreary autumn day, the sun shone with peculiar splendor at its close. For a few minutes the meadows were gilded with a mellow light that brought out even distant objects with startling distinctness. Animal life at once responded to the welcome change. Rabbits darted from their forms, squirrels scampered through the trees, and mice stood up above their run-ways, as though in doubt about their safety. Many birds, whose presence I had not suspected, began to sing, and the crows that for hours had been silently seeking their roosts, abruptly broke ranks and clamored at the strange advent of a sunny day. Moping herons rose from the rank growths of the weedy marshes, sailed in the gilded air above me, crossed and re-crossed the meadow and returned; their sole object apparently in so doing, the pleasure of a sun-bath. And beyond, where the creek shone like molten metal, water-snakes roused to active life again, left behind them tortuous streaks of brilliant light; while everywhere, above, beneath, and on every side rang out the shrill chirp of the restless cricket. Here, in this still, green meadow, summer reigned. Astors, golden-rod, prunella, and scattered dandelions acted well their part. I had but not to see the leafless trees, and it was June again.

CHARLES C. ABBOTT.

Near Trenton, N. J.

THE UNIVERSITY EXPEDITION.

THE latest news from the Assyriological Expedition sent out by the University of Pennsylvania shows that Dr. Peters is still at Constantinople negotiating for a *firman* from the Porte to authorize explorations and the removal of the antiquities they may disclose. As at least one collection of Assyrian antiquities lies *perdu* on Turkish soil because it was collected by explorers without this warrant, the *firman* is indispensable, unless the expedition were able to carry on secret explorations and removals of antiquities, as it is said both the English and the French are in the habit of doing. Dr. Peters expresses himself hopeful of obtaining the permit, but says the Turkish authorities show reluctance.

The other members of the expedition, after being shipwrecked on the island of Samos, October 1st, at one o'clock in the morning, in company with three American missionaries on their way to Beyrout, were rescued by a Turkish brigantine, and were taken to Beyrout by a Russian steamer, where the American and German consuls and the American missionaries stationed there have shown them every kind of courteous attention. Since their arrival there, Dr. Hilprecht has visited and collated the cuneiform inscriptions at Nahr-el-keib (the ancient Lycos) and has accomplished the feat of photographing the mutilated text at the top of the promontory by dint of spending eighteen hours mostly on a ladder while suffering from fever and under the blowing of a sirocco. Besides this he has discovered a Latin inscription hitherto

unnoticed, although the place had been visited by Layard, Robinson, Lepsius, and Sayce. He has secured sixteen photographs of the promontory inscription, which all these travelers despaired of reading. He expected to start on the 30th of October for a tour of a fortnight on horse-back, penetrating the interior, exploring the Lebanon ranges, as far as Homs, and returning to Tripoli to proceed again to Alexandrette by steamer. His first object is to visit and copy the cuneiform inscriptions at Afka (the ancient Apheka) and Akura,—places two days' distance from Beyrout,—which Prof. J. L. Porter describes in his "Five Years in Damascus," but which never have been visited by any Assyriologist. Crossing the Lebanon range, he was to search the neighborhood of Riblah and Homs near the Orontes for inscriptions. He also expected to collate the famous Nebuchadnezzar inscription of Wadi Brissa, published by H. Pognon last year. His first proposal was to proceed all the way to Aleppo, searching for cuneiform inscriptions; but the Beyrout missionaries assured him that Homs, (the ancient Emesa), is the farthest point to which he could proceed with any degree of safety, the more northern parts of Syria being too fanatical to permit of visits from travelers. Even as it was he had to carry a store of provisions, because the Moslems of some districts will sell nothing to Christians, and he runs a fair chance of being robbed by the freebooters of the Lebanon range. His cloak was to be his protection by day, and his bed by night. Even philological and antiquarian research has its romantic and adventurous side.

WEEKLY NOTES.

THAT eminent Belgian publicist, Professor Emile de Laveleye, of Liège, has lately put out a revised edition of his "Revised Map of Europe," in which he foreshadows what he thinks will be the results of the next great war. On the one side will be found Germany, Belgium, Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Sweden; on the other France, Denmark, and Russia. It will end in a complete triumph of the former group. Sweden is to get back Finland; Poland is to be liberated; Roumania is to absorb the Bessarabia, while the dual monarchy annexes the rest of the Balkan peninsula down to the Greek frontier and the Bosphorus. Italy is to take back Savoy, and to acquire Tunis; Germany is to annex the Baltic provinces of Russia and Holland, while Belgium is to be enlarged with a slice of France. Prof. Laveleye is a man of wide acquaintance among the statesmen of Europe, but he will have to live very long to see all these changes. And if they were made they could not be permanent, as they are in defiance of that underlying principle of nationality, which has been modifying the map of Europe ever since 1815. Austria could no more hold the Balkan peninsula permanently than Russia can hold Poland, or England, Ireland. And while Holland and Denmark might be coerced into a formal and temporary submission to German rule, the German experience in Elsass, Lothringen, Sleswig, and Posen shows that they could not be assimilated or really pacified. The new map would be even less stable than the present, whose deficiencies of the national principle keeps Europe under arms to maintain boundaries which derive no authority from the consent of the governed.

* * *

IT is true that there are indications of international conflict in several of the quarters to which the new map points as areas of coming annexation. Thus in the Baltic provinces of Russia the large population of Lutheran faith and largely of German blood, is undergoing high-handed treatment from the Russian authorities. The Empress Catherine secured a large immigration of Germans, by promising them entire liberty of worship. But the Czar and the Orthodox Church seem to have united in the purpose to Russify their descendants. The Livonian and Esthenian aborigines, who had joined the Lutheran Church in considerable numbers, have been bullied and coaxed into a profession of the Orthodox faith. And now the Germans themselves are to be driven in the same direction. The utmost scope is given to the proselytizing efforts of the Greek clergy, while the Lutherans are forbidden to receive any one into their communion. Their church operations are hampered in every way possible, and in Livonia fifty Lutheran pastors have been silenced, while in Courland fifty have been threatened with deportation to Siberia. Besides this, the use of German in the schools and the reading of the German Bible has been forbidden. Of course this cannot but excite a resentful feeling in Germany, and the general sympathy of the young Emperor with the Church party may be regarded as a new and important element of the situation. Indeed an agitation for the rights of the German settlers of the Baltic provinces has been going on for half a century, but it is only in recent years that there has been a real German nation to which to appeal.

* * *

THE question of retaining the arrangement at Harvard, by which the attendance of the students at the religious services is made purely voluntary, has come up through the action of the Board of Overseers. The results of the new regulation hardly can be said to be satisfactory. Barely a handful of students attend the morning services, and always the same handful. The average student declines to be attracted by the eminent preachers who take part in them. And at the special weekly services, it is said that almost the only students visible are those who are hanging around the doors waiting for their lady friends to come out. The preachers make conventional references to the young men who are supposed to constitute the audience; but the reference is almost ludicrously incongruous with the fact. *The Harvard Advocate* pleads that a much greater dignity has been imparted to the services by the abolition of constraint. This may be true; but an increase of dignity is not the most crying need of American religion, and least of all, we should say, in that latitude and longitude. And certainly the condition of affairs before the rule was changed was not wanting in dignity. The ugly barn of a chapel was filled with an attentive and respectful audience, whose participation in the service gave no evidence that they regarded it as a yoke unworthy of their manhood.

THE vice of the new arrangement is in the assumption that the members of a University constitute a republic, in which equal rights and personal liberty have been established and must be respected. On the contrary a University is like a family,—a kindly and thoughtful despotism, in which parental power is used to train men for the responsibilities of actual life, and as much liberty is conceded as is needed to evoke and develop the sense of responsibility. It is true that with everything else made a matter of choice under the elective system, as it is at Harvard, there is an incongruity in making the attendance at the daily services a matter of requirement. But better accept the incongruity than run a bad principle into the ground.

EVEN in the Roman Catholic Church the question of the use of one national language to the exclusion of all others comes to the front. The German Catholics and their priests are disposed to stand stiffly on their right to the use of their own language in preaching and teaching. The Irish Catholics who attend churches or send their children to parish schools where the priests are German, complain that they are unfairly treated. It is said that a considerable number of the American bishops have petitioned the authorities at Rome for the complete suppression of German and other non-American languages in the use of the Church, and the substitution of English. This strikes us as rather a heroic remedy for the evil. How shall the priests reach people who know little or no English? How will they have their children taught? In the West of Ireland, it is true, the priests in most cases have shown an entire indifference to the needs of the people in this respect. They do not learn Irish or preach in it, even when it is the only language spoken by the major part of their parishioners. They teach the children out of books of which they do not grasp the sense of a single word. It was by a similar piece of arrogance that the English Church lost its hold on Wales, the Dissenters using Welsh while the liturgy and the preaching of the parish churches was in English. But it will hardly do to proceed in this high-handed way in America. The diversity of tongues compels the use of time and patience to bring about unity, in the Roman Catholic as in the Protestant Churches.

THE steady encroachment of English upon our German-Americans, even in the absence of any approach to constraint, is shown in the case of the Missouri Lutherans. This large and zealous body at one time seemed to cherish the belief that the pure doctrine could not be preached except in German. But the steady tendency of their younger members to adopt English as an alternative or even as their only language, has forced a change. There is so large a body of English-speaking preachers and churches within the bounds of the national conference, that they are to be organized as a constituent synod, and mean to prepare an English liturgy, hymn-book, etc., for themselves. Some years ago the St. Louis people so far complied with the demand for an English hymn-book as to publish one made up entirely of new versions of German Lutheran hymns. But as the translations had been made by scholars far more familiar with German than with English, the book is fitted only for a place in the curiosities of literature. Its verses frequently are quite unsingable for want of metrical quality, and German idioms are found on every page. Such a book could only incline the young people to say: "We want English, and we will go where they have good English." It was that which lost many members to the German churches of Pennsylvania.

IN view of the interest felt in the results of the Babylonian expedition of the University of Pennsylvania, there will be read with more than usual attention an article on Hamdi Bey, the director of the Imperial Museum at Constantinople, by Mr. J. Theodore Brent, in the November number of the *Contemporary Review*. Hamdi Bey is described as an artist, archaeologist, and free thinker all in one. "No man in the empire has more power than he has, and this power he uses to baffle the efforts of all the archaeological societies of Europe and America in the pursuit of research." Hamdi's father was a Greek, who had been stolen when an infant, but who by his abilities rose to the positions of Turkish Ambassador at Vienna, and Grand Vizier. He was educated in Paris and has had two French wives successively. He entered the diplomatic service, but it was not to his taste. He next took to painting, and achieved considerable success. Most of his pictures found their way to France. His ill-will to the English is chiefly due to the fact that they secured the Elgin marbles which he was so anxious to have. The Germans he says acted perfidiously after the Pergamos expedition. Moreover, he is determined that America shall have no better opportunities than Europe. Mr. Brent relates that "the American Minister to the Porte lately asked Hamdi to name any sum that he liked in return for a liberal *firman* to execute the excavations which the American Institute (*sic*) propose to make at Babylon, but his Excellency politely declined to come to any terms."

This last story bears marks of being apocryphal. Yet the main features of the article, and especially the remarks as to the little care of antiquities at Constantinople and the unscientific method of their treatment after they have been discovered, is unfortunately true. "What guarantee," says Mr. Brent, "is there that at the end of Hamdi's career the treasures he has amassed in the Seraglio Museum will not be turned into lime, or otherwise maltreated?"

FREDERICK.

"RESPECT the Future, which belongs to me!"
So speak thy yearning and imperious will,
Making the Present distant faiths fulfil,
And raised from falling kingdoms—Germany.
No idle name, no doubtful dream to thee
That Future: actual, its clasp grown chill,
It led thee, and thy soul sublimed it still,—
Heir of a more than earthly dynasty!
O didst thou think, untimely called to rest,
The preparation of a life o'erthrown—
To lose what thou so bravely didst resign?
Forevermore the Fatherland shall own
Her nobler liberties thy dear bequest:
The future thy great spirit saw—was thine!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

REVIEWS.

THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE. Translated into English Verse with Notes, by John Augustine Wilstach. Two volumes. Pp. xviii. and 502; viii. and 509. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

IT is forty-five years since Mr. Thomas Williams Parsons issued a thin octavo containing "The First Ten Cantos of the Inferno of Dante Alighieri, newly translated into English Verse." Since that time only three American translators have entered the same field. Dr. Parsons has not yet finished his version, nor even completed the Purgatorio, although he has given his life to it and has followed the poet's leading into the Roman Catholic Church. The mistaken essay of Mr. J. C. Peabody as a translation of the same ten cantos in 1857, is now forgotten. In 1866 Mr. Longfellow's complete translation appeared. And now Mr. Wilstach follows up his meritorious version of Virgil's works with a translation of the greater poet who looked up to Virgil as master, guide, and friend, and one which vindicates to itself a place among the existing English versions by its peculiar merits.

As Mr. Wilstach admits in his preface, a perfect rendering of Dante into English is an impossibility. Something must be lost in the process, however great the zeal, the care and the ability of the translator. We meet, for instance, the great problem whether to translate in the *terza rima* of the original, or abandon rhyme altogether, or substitute some other and less exacting form of rhyme which will reproduce to the ear an effect not unlike that of the *terza rima*. No American translator has adopted the first alternative; Mr. Longfellow has taken the second; Mr. Parsons and Mr. Wilstach the third. Mr. Wilstach retains rhyme, dividing

the poem into nine-lined stanzas somewhat like the Spenserian stanza, but with ten syllables to the line throughout, instead of lengthening the last two lines to twelve syllables. Of course the adoption of rhyme in any shape seriously detracts from the closeness and directness of the translation, because Italian is so much richer in rhymes than is any Teutonic language. Even in German the rhymed version of Streckfuss is felt to fall below the metrical but unrhymed translations of King John and Kopisch as a faithful reproduction of the original. And among English translators the easy elegance of Cary's blank-verse translation holds its own against Wright, Thomas, Plumptre and other translators of Dante into English rhyme. So Mr. Longfellow surpasses both his American competitors in the reproduction of the exact sense of the original, and his translation always will be beloved of students on that account. Mr. Parsons does not profess such literalness. He aims at the spirit rather than the letter, and gives a fluent and intelligible version in the exact metre of the original; and should he live to finish his version, it probably will become far more popular than Mr. Longfellow's. Mr. Wilstach gives the average reader the help of rhyme to carry him along, while he labors to secure the closest reproduction of the sense of all there is in the Italian text. Of course this is done at some sacrifice of clearness and fluency, but on the whole with such success as the case permits.

And whatever the difficulties of a rhymed version, rhyme is indispensable to a reproduction of Dante. The form of a great poem is not arbitrary or accidental. This is especially true in the case of Dante, whose poem is the first great poem in rhyme in the world's literature, and is thus marked as of its own age and time, in contrast to the classic forms of verse. Without rhyme the poem would lose fully half of the fascination it possesses for the Italian ear.

Another difficulty in the translation of Dante, as Prof. M. R. Vincent points out in his admirable review of Dean Plumptre's version, is in the reproduction of his wonderful adaptations of sound to sense. Even Milton lags far behind him in this respect, and his most characteristic passages must be the despair of a translator. Here, where Dean Plumptre fails, Mr. Wilstach succeeds fairly well. Thus when Virgil and Dante (*Inferno* III. 22-30), enter the purlieus of the lower world, they are met by the outcry of the poltroons, whom Heaven has excluded and Hell refuses:

Here wailings deep and screams and sighs
Stirred all the starless air of that black deep,
Whereat at first I could not choose but weep,
Tongues diverse, deafening yells, and horror's cries,
Accents of grief and voices deep and hoarse,
And hands together struck with frenzied force,

A tumult made which its incessant whirl
Strewed through the eternal tint of that grim air
As sand when whirlwinds breathe on deserts bare.

This, of course, does not equal the force of the Italian, with its open and explosive vowels; but it shows that the author, either by intention or instinct, is on the right path as a translator. Less happy in this respect is his translation of the wonderful and terrible inscription over the gates of Hell. We miss much of the tolling of the doom bell, which resounds through the skillfully ordered consonants of the original, and also the lapidarian terseness. In Mr. Wilstach's version it runs:

Through me are found the grieving city's walls,
Through me the way is to eternal pain,
Through me those lost are never found again.
Justice the founder urged of my grim halls,
And Power Divine which reared the courts above,
And Wisdom Infinite, and Primal Love.
Save things eternal was created naught
Before myself, eternal I and drear,
All hope surrender, ye who enter here.

Here for the sake of the rhyme the exact scene of the first and third lines is sacrificed. The gate is not the way to the walls of the *citta dolente*; it is set in the wall itself. The third line properly means "Through me is the way through the lost people," and not what Mr. Wilstach makes it. And Dante was too accurate in his theology to confound things eternal with things created, as he is made to do in line 7. In justice to our translator we must say that in none of numerous passages we have compared with the original, do we find so many slips as here.

For the sake of comparing our three American translators, we will quote their versions and Dr. John Carlyle's prose translation of *Inferno*, V., 127-142, the pathetic conclusion of the famous passage in which Francesca da Rimini bewails her own fate and that of her lover, Paolo. Dante asks her how they came to discover their love for each other.

[CARLYLE.]

And she to me: "There is no greater pain than to recall a happy time in wretchedness; and this thy Teacher [Virgil] knows. But if thou hast

such desire to learn the first root of our love, I will do like one who weeps and tells.

"One day, for pastime, we read of Lancelot, how love constrained him. We were alone, and without all suspicion. Several times that reading urged our eyes to meet, and changed the color of our faces. When we read how the fond smile was kissed by such a lover, he, who shall never be divided from me, kissed my mouth all trembling. The book, and he who wrote it, was a Galeotto [Galahad.] That day we read in it no farther."

While the one spirit thus spake, the other [Paolo] wept so that I fainted with pity, as if I had been dying, and fell as a dead body falls.

[PARSONS.]

And she to me: The mightiest of all woes
Is in the midst of misery to be cursed
With bliss remembered; this thy master knows.
Yet, wouldst thou learn our passions root and head,
As one may speak whose eyes with grief are dim
Ev'n so will I. Together once we read
The tale of Lancelot—how love snared him.
Alone we were, without suspecting aught;
Oft in perusal changed our cheeks their hue
And oft our eyes each other's glances caught;
But one sole passage 'twas that both o'erthrew.

At reading of the longed for smile which he,
That burning lover, by his kissing blest,
This dearest—never shall we parted be!
His lips to mine—to mine, all trembling, pressed.
The writer proved our Pandar with his book—
That day we read no farther on." She stopped—
The other ghost so moaned that pity strook
My senses numb, and like a corpse I dropped.

[LONGFELLOW.]

And she to me: There is no greater sorrow
Than to be mindful of the happy time
In misery, and that thy Teacher knows.
But, if to recognize the earliest root
Of love in us thou hast so great desire,
I will do even as he who weeps and speaks.
One day we reading were for our delight
Of Lancelot, how love did him enthral.
Alone we were and without any fear.
Full many a time our eyes together drew
That reading, and drove the color from our faces;
But one point only was it that o'ercame us.
When as we read of the much-longed-for smile
Being by such a noble lover kissed,
This one, who ne'er from me shall be divided,
Kissed me upon the mouth all palpitating.
Galeotto was the book and he who wrote it.
That day no farther did we read therein."
And all the while one spirit uttered this
The other one did weep so, that, for pity,
I swooned away as if I had been dying,
And fell even as a dead body falls.

[WILSTACH.]

"Woe greater's none," Francesca then replies,
"Than happiness to recall when misery stings;
Thy Teacher knows the sadness of such things,
But if such wish thou hast, learn then how grew
Our plant of love; although my heart-strings swell,
I will, as one tear-choked, the story tell.

"One day we read, 'mongst histories old and new,
Of Lancelot, how love held him in constraint;
We were alone, without suspicion's taint;
At times the reading made our eyes to meet,
At times the color in our faces changed
But one sole thing our fates all disarranged;
When we read how, the queen's fond smile to greet,
He kissed the lady, him, whom from my side
No lapse of painful ages shall divide,

"Thus mine for aye, my mouth all trembling kissed.
Our Galahad thus the book and author proved;
That day we read no more." And so was moved
The other spirit that his sad eyes missed
No word of hers that he wet not with tears;
And pity made my faint and chilled with fears,
And griefs; and fell I as the dead who nothing list.

Here we see how comparatively easy it is for Mr. Longfellow to give the exact sense, when free from rhyme. He misses only, we think, in rendering *scolorocci* by "drove the color from." The word does not require that sense, and the connection suggests the opposite. Mr. Parsons solves his difficulties by condensation; Mr. Wilstach by paraphrase. The former is even terser than Dante; the latter fills out the line at times at the expense of introducing secondary ideas which are not in the text. "Plant of love," "tear-choked," "'mongst histories old and new," "taint," "lapse of painful ages," "wet word with tears," "chilled with fears," are all extraneous to the original, although the *radice* of its text may be said to suggest "plant." Yet the purpose to reproduce faithfully is visible, and some of the expressions surpass

in felicity either of the others. But the sense in the 14th line is obscure, and made more so by the grammatical slip *him* for *he*.

We welcome Mr. Wiltach's book, not only for its careful exposition of the allusions in the full notes he has appended to each *Canto*, but for the merits of his rendering itself. It is the fruit of scholarly and careful study of the great Master, and adds another name to those few of our American scholars who have truly earned a place among the Dantists. R. E. T.

A CALIFORNIA TRAMP, AND LATER FOOTPRINTS; or, Life on the Plains and in the Golden State, Thirty Years Ago, with Miscellaneous Sketches in Prose and Verse. By T. S. Kenderdine. Newtown, Pa.: 1888.

This is a substantial volume of 416 octavo pages, of which about three-fourths are devoted to an overland trip, made in 1858, from Leavenworth, Kansas, by Salt Lake City, to San Bernardino, California. The author, a Pennsylvania lad from Bucks County, longed to see something of the wild and adventurous West, and set out as an ox-driver, in one of the trains of Russell, Major and Waddell, the army contractors, who were freighting supplies from the Missouri river, across by the old overland trail to the camp of General Albert Sidney Johnston, near Salt Lake City. It was the year of the "Mormon War," of Lecompton Constitution discussion, and of the sensible decline of President Buchanan's Administration. The railroad which was to completely span the continent only eleven years later, was then only a wild conception in the minds of enthusiasts, and the communication between "the States" and the Pacific Coast had still the simple alternative of the Isthmus route by steam, or the overland route by wagon. Mr. Kenderdine's volume graphically tells the story of the latter trip, and is a contribution of real value to the history of the country, for it is doubtful whether there is anywhere else in book form a simple, realistic, and at the same time trustworthy, narrative of the experiences of the plains drivers of '58. Very few of them were inclined to even the crudest forms of literature.

The train described had twenty-six wagons, each drawn by six yokes of oxen, making in all 312 of these animals in the train, besides some spare ones, usually "broken down." One driver to each team, with a wagon-master, an assistant, and two extra men, made in all thirty. The rate of travel was slow,—an average of ten to fifteen miles a day, between Leavenworth and Salt Lake City. The oxen gave out, the wagons broken down, the drivers deserted, the food was abominable, the water on the alkali desert stretches substantially undrinkable. Of Kenderdine's team of twelve oxen, two only reached Salt Lake City,—the near wheeler "Dodge," because he was cunning and shirked, and one other, a "pointer," (of the yoke next the tongue), which had exceptional strength and endurance. They were mainly unbroken steers, the yokes on the lead and at the wheel being, if possible, broken and trained. The wagons were themselves a source of much trouble. Made of unseasoned timber, they could not stand the strain. Of the twenty-six in the train only four went through. The pay of drivers was twenty-six dollars a month "and found." The freight charge was twenty cents a pound.

Leaving Leavenworth at the beginning of July, the route lay north-westward to the Platte river, at Fort Kearney, which was reached a month later. Then that river was followed up to Fort Laramie, by the 1st of September. On the 1st of October they reached the South Pass,—the route from Laramie having been frightfully rough and desolate mountain travel; and then bearing nearly south, down the streams which ultimately reach the Colorado, they entered the Salt Lake valley by Provo cañon, south of Salt Lake City, and unloaded the wagons at Camp Floyd, on the 6th of November.

The author then pushed on, with a Mormon party, by the southern route, into California, leaving Salt Lake on November 12, and reaching San Bernardino on the 18th of December. This was a trip which had its hardships, too, though as he was a passenger and not a driver, they were less severe than those of the teaming experience. Space does not permit us to dwell on this part of the narrative. After a tramp northward to San Francisco, and some months' employment on a ranch in the Sonoma valley, he retraced his steps, and came home by the Isthmus, in the early summer of 1859, having been absent just about a year. His personal experiences are entertaining, and the whole volume is full of interest. The sketches at the close include a careful study of the John Burns incident at Gettysburg.

NOVEMBER BOUGHS. By Walt Whitman. Pp. 140. \$1.25. Philadelphia: David McKay. 1888.

This latest collection of Whitman's work is mainly prose; only about twenty pages out of the one hundred and forty being occupied by pieces in the form of poetry. Yet, as these latter are nearly all very brief, many of them not exceeding a dozen lines

each, there are many titles,—no fewer, indeed, than fifty-seven. The prose is also divided into more than twenty articles, and several of these are sub-divided. Altogether, the book is made up of gleanings and gatherings, the work of one who stands near the final exit.

Of the poetry, which is grouped under the general title of "Sands at Seventy," we do not need to present here any critical notice. Not only is there a settled opinion, one way or the other, in the minds of most literary people on the question whether Walt Whitman's metrical work is truly poetry, but our readers have quite recently had the opportunity of enjoying a very full discussion of that subject. Let the final decision be as it may upon the one point whether his verse is materially injured by its irregularity of form, it is certain that that there is in it a vital spirit, poetical in its nature, and that this has found, and doubtless will continue to find, its circle of admirers. The examples in this volume are marked by the characteristics with which those in his previous books have made us familiar, with the exception that none of these incur objection on the score of propriety. They show, perhaps, less force, less ruggedness, less of the extreme Whitmanesque individuality, while they incline more to retrospection, and a vein of chastened sadness. There is no rhyme, of course, but occasionally there is a verse almost smooth in metre, and regular in the flow of its rhythm, as for instance this, "After the Dazzle of Day":

"After the dazzle of day is gone,
Only the dark, dark night shows to my eye the stars;
After the clangor of organ majestic, or chorus, or perfect band,
Silent, athwart my soul, moves the symphony true."

And there are others equally as notable in this respect, of greater length: we quote this partly on account of its brevity.

The prose papers include a long one, placed first in the book, (the poetry follows it), entitled "A Backward Glance O'er Traveled Roads." In this he reviews in fourteen pages, his own work, explaining his purpose, his plan, his form of thought. He justifies the much,—and as we have always held, justly,—criticised lines in "Leaves of Grass," and insists that they shall not be elided in future editions, "if there should be such." Others of the papers refer to his hospital experiences, to Shakespeare, Burns, and Tennyson, to Lincoln, to Father Taylor the Boston preacher, etc., etc., all notable in style and matter, and some extremely vivid and striking. At the last he gives an extended sketch of Elias Hicks, the Quaker preacher of Long Island, whom he knew in his boyhood, and whose character he highly appreciates.

This is a very important addition to the list of Whitman's books. The matter is so compactly inserted that there is much more than might be supposed. If it were spread out as often is done, the poetry alone would fill a thin volume, while another could be made of the Notes on Elias Hicks. The "Backward Glance" is entitled to an attentive reading, as a statement, final no doubt, of his own view of his poetry, and this alone deserves a much more careful and elaborate consideration than we have been able to give in this notice.

THE STANDARD SYMPHONIES: THEIR HISTORY, THEIR MUSIC, AND THEIR COMPOSERS. By George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

In the series of handbooks to which the present volume is the latest addition, Mr. George P. Upton has rendered an important service to musical amateurs of an advanced grade. The material included in them is met, in one shape or another, in descriptive programmes of the better class, but few people think of preserving or classifying such matter, even supposing they have opportunities of making full collections; here, all such information has been carefully arranged and systemized, and there has never been, in this country at least, so thorough an attempt to collate the facts of programme Music. "The Standard Symphonies" is a more advanced work than any of its predecessors. In the "Standard Operas," "Standard Cantatas," etc., the work was of a comparatively surface kind, consisting principally of sketches of the composers and histories of the work specified, and making a point of the plots and stories of the various compositions. But a symphony has, so to speak, no story; while practical in a way, it is yet an abstraction and a description of it can be no other than purely musical. This involves a technicality which only a person who is well grounded musically can sufficiently understand. But there are enough of such persons in this country now, and their number is steadily increasing, to furnish an audience for a solidly good piece of work like this of Mr. Upton's, while there is much side matter in it, personal, historical, etc., which will be of interest to any intelligent person, regardless of a practical knowledge of music.

The orchestral symphony dates only in its present form from the time of Haydn. Before that period any piece of instrumental

music, if for more than a single instrument, was called a symphony and such a piece was often but a prelude to a choral composition or even an acted drama. The symphony, as we now have it, embracing the whole resources of the orchestra and a work complete in itself, was a development by Haydn of the old musical form of the sonata. This was a composition in several contrasting parts, or "movements," and Haydn is credited with the evolution of this kind of composition, (written generally for the clavier or organ), into its higher forms. In rendering this service to music Haydn both gave fresh life to the sequence of "movements" and enlarged the scope of the orchestra in a wonderful degree. The work so begun was carried on by Mozart and Beethoven to its greatest height. Whether it is susceptible of still further development time only can show, but it is the unanimous opinion of musicians that nothing has been added to the sum of Beethoven's labors.

The subject is one of commanding significance to all persons concerned in the higher demonstrations of music, and as a definite helper in some cases and as a refresher in others we believe Mr. Upton's book to have a lasting value. He gives an elaborate analysis of each of the Beethoven Symphonies and of a number of representative works of Haydn and Mozart. To have covered the whole field with the same fullness would not have been practicable, and to have even approximately done it would have resulted in something very different from a Handbook. A full summarized account of other writers of symphonies is however given. Some twenty-five composers in all are sketched, coming down to Goldmark, Saint-Saens, and Sullivan of our own day, and including the talented American, John K. Paine. Wherever the point in hand can be made clearer by so doing, brief examples are neatly run into the text, and a large amount of practical information is thus conveyed. The book, in brief, shows enthusiastic and honorable educational purpose, good taste, and sound scholarship.

G. W. A.

MEXICO; PICTURESQUE: POLITICAL: PROGRESSIVE. By Mary Elizabeth Blake and Margaret F. Sullivan. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

This is a very clever piece of joint authorship, and its subject is one about which there is both admitted interest and admitted ignorance. It is not a little singular, indeed, that our knowledge of a country lying on our own borders should be so limited. We know more of almost any country of Europe than we do of our sister republic. The present is not an exhaustive work but it has facts and ideas and will provoke further inquiry.

The book is a judicious mingling of "news" and governmental principle, and the authors have divided their task in the way best calculated to secure good results. Each has been long engaged in active journalism, Mrs. Sullivan as a literary writer in many fields, and Mrs. Blake in connection with the *Boston Journal*. The latter's share in the volume has been the social and domestic life of Mexico, its literature and its picturesque features, while Mrs. Sullivan has written of religious, political, and educational interests, and of the material resources of the country. Being in entire sympathy with each other and enthusiastic over their subject, these ladies have by this division of labor turned out a vigorous, attractive, and valuable piece of work which under the increasing concern of the countries in one another should, and no doubt will, attract attention. We expect to hear of its translation into Spanish.

We are told here that "Mexico is a country picturesque beyond description and beautiful beyond belief," and certainly the attempt to make this statement good gives one an approximate idea of the charms of that wonder-land. No less successful are the analysis of the habits of the people, the description of their houses, and manner of life, the accounts of the industries of the country, methods of business, modes of transportation, forms of government, law procedure, etc. Other important topics touched on by the authors are internal economy, literature and literarians, agriculture, and dress. There has been, in fact, a serious attempt made to sum up whatever goes to make the governmental, economic, and domestic history of the Mexican people. It appears to be in places superficial, and it may be that too much has been attempted under the limitations of space at command, but the keen observation everywhere evidenced is not to be gainsaid and the honesty of all that is set down is equally clear, while at the entertaining nature of the narrative there can be no doubt. Intending travelers to Mexico should by all means provide themselves with this book.

SPIRIT AND LIFE. THOUGHTS FOR TO-DAY. By Amory H. Bradford, D. D. New York: Fords, Howard & Hurlbert.

Dr. Bradford belongs to the progressive wing of the Orthodox Congregationalists, who wish to make the liberalizing movement in theology a progress towards stronger and more positive affirm-

ations, and not towards denials. They hold that progress need not mean turning one's back upon what has been attained, but in following up the very line of its attainment to a theology deeper as well as broader than the past has known;—the main tenor of the discourses in this volume. Dr. Bradford is as positive as any Liberal in the assertion that the Spirit and not the letter is the life of men's spirits. But he spells spirit with a capital letter. He believes in the existence and operation of a divine being, who is the Spirit, and apart from whose workings on the minds, wills, and affections of men, the story of the Gospels would have proved as powerless to mould the world as the story of Socrates. He will not have religion to consist in legal transactions with a God personally unknown, as many of the representatives of the old Orthodoxy seemed inclined to do. It must rest on the personal relation of God to man, and this is the work of the Spirit.

He also finds the older Orthodoxy narrow in its conceptions of the Spirit's work. He agrees with Tauler that the Spirit is as much needed to make a man a good shoemaker, as a good preacher. He claims for him the whole field of what we call secular life, declaring that every good thing, the whole movement of civilization in fact, has its roots in this divine uplifting force, which is a person.

The book contains suggestions of value on many other points, where the author and his school break with the formal traditions but not the essential principles of the older Orthodoxy. Its purpose is to get men out of mere opinions into vital contact with reality. And it is in harmony with a motto Dr. Bradford quotes from a Scotch Presbyterian, Dr. Robert Flint: "Mere orthodoxy is deadly heresy. The purely intellectual unity reached through a purely intellectual assent is no operation of the Spirit; but where the Spirit is not—life is not; and where life is not, death is."

THE PECKSTER PROFESSORSHIP. An Episode in the History of Psychical Research. By Josiah P. Quincy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This is a rather cleverly written novel, with the theme that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the philosophy of the man of science, and with the moral that the proper way to look for them has been discovered by the Theosophists. Professor Hargrave, the hero, first becomes famous by a book upon centers of ossification, then passes over to investigation of things "astral," has to leave his college, and takes his departure for a Theosophical monastery in Brazil, where he proposes to divide his time between investigations of things supersensuous and examinations of fossiliferous limestone which are happily situated near this ghostly retreat. The methods of the Society for Psychical Research are mentioned with disapproval, as it is natural they should be by one who prefers the Theosophical methods; and (a figure which, we presume, the author would not like carried out in detail), the hero is made to describe the prophet Balaam, in his adventure with the ass, as "plying the cudgel with the zeal of a Seybert Commissioner" (p. 219). The book shows wide, but not very critical reading.

VICTOR COUSIN. By Jules Simon. Translated by M. B. Anderson and E. P. Anderson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co., 1888. (Great French Writers Series).

This life of Victor Cousin by Simon, once his pupil, for many years his colleague, and always his intimate, is most readable. The biographer had peculiar opportunities for seeing all around Cousin, and for marking both his worth and his weaknesses. The latter he does not fail to bring out, though always with a sympathetic kindness which may stand as a just rebuke to M. Taine, who has handled the subject in a way less kindly and less just. Cousin is shown as teacher, as author, as minister of Public Instruction; and his work in this last capacity will be of peculiar interest to the English public, as throwing light on the evolution of the French public school system, and its relation to the University. Some of the criticisms of Cousin's philosophy are fairly good, though Simon himself is by no means such a master of the subject as to make his comments very valuable from a dogmatic point of view. His references to the English philosophy show this most of all. But as a biography the book is charming,—full of French wit and lucid in style,—a good picture of Cousin, with happy glimpses at the lives of the groups of scholars whom he helped and tyrannized over officially and unofficially for so many years. The translation seems to do justice to the book.

BRIEFER NOTICES.

AMONG works on religious subjects is a 16mo of 207 pages, issued by the Presbyterian Board of Publication. The author, Mrs. T. S. Childs, in a series of letters (from a Bible-class teacher to a pupil), sets out her evidence for the view that the sacrifices described in the Old Testament "all pointed to Christ,

and had their fulfillment in him."—Thomas Whittaker, New York, issues a novel, by Rev. Walter Mitchell, (originally published in 1867), entitled "Bryan Maurice, or the Seeker." It is suggested as an answer to "Robert Elsmere," the hero being a young Unitarian minister, who is "not satisfied," and who after much seeking, finds his mind at rest in the Episcopal church.

"The Record of a Human Soul," (by Horace G. Hutchinson. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.), is a little book likely to appeal to the sympathies of a certain class of readers who have begun to question the mysteries of human existence, and to demand the "Whence?" and "Whither?" of things. One of its mottoes is the often quoted couplet of Tennyson:

"There lies more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds,

but it might recall as an answer a passage from Goethe: "All periods in which belief predominates,—in which it is the inspiring principle of action,—are distinguished by great, soul-stirring, fertile events, and worthy of perpetual remembrance: when unbelief gets the upper hand, the age is unfertile, unproductive and intrinsically mean."

We receive from the Century Company the bound volumes of *St. Nicholas* for the year from November, 1887 to October, 1888. They are, it seems almost needless to say, a storehouse of delight for young readers. As has been remarked so often, no one can fully realize how many good things appear in the separate issues of the year until he has them collected before him. For 1889, it announces stories by Mrs. Hodgson-Burnett, Prof. Boyesen, and Mrs. Dodge; and a long list of sketches of travel and adventure, descriptive papers, etc. These relate to many foreign countries as well as our own, and it is to be, the editor declares, "an all-around-the-world year."

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros. issue a large number of novels in paper covers, at low prices, and these have included lately, at 25 cents, one of Mrs. Hodgson-Burnett's early stories, "Kathleen," and "Run Down," an original story, described in sub-title as "a psychological novel," by George D. Cox. Mr. Cox has also translated for this house M. Zola's latest novel, "Le Rêve." This, as has been already noted by critics and readers in France, is a wide departure from the usual line of Zola's work, being a simple, and pure story of life in a country town of France,—an idyll of a poor young girl's innocent love.

"Ilian," by Captain James J. Kane, U. S. N., (J. B. Lippincott Co.), is a wild and whirling book by a gentleman evidently not much accustomed to literary composition. It tells of a curse inflicted "in the shadow of Old South Church," Boston, by a young woman on a dignified college professor, because the professor had broken his promise of marriage to her. All the furious plagues the neglected one calls down on her faithless lover prove to be facts, and a mightily mysterious psychological influence (too vague and strange, it must be said, for the ordinary understanding), dominates the climax. The story is written earnestly, and with the best intentions, but the author's enthusiasm has outrun his technical ability.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

THE Polish scholar, K. Estreicher, has finished the colossal task of compiling a complete bibliography of the literature of Poland.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson is delighted with his South Pacific wanderings, and is reported to be in capital health and spirits.

The Seeger & Guernsey Co., New York, are preparing a "New Business Cyclopædia of the Manufactures and Products of the United States."

"The Song of the Palm, and Other Poems," by Mr. Tracy Robinson, will shortly be published. Mr. Robinson is a native of New York State, although part of his life has been passed in the West Indies and on the Isthmus of Panama, which accounts for the tropical character of his poetry. The title poem of his volume was greatly admired by Bayard Taylor. Brentano is the publisher.

Mrs. Crawshaw, of Brecon, Wales, has placed in the hands of William Rossetti the sum of \$12,500, the income from which is to be used annually as a prize to the woman who shall pass the best examination in the writings of Byron, Keats, and Shelley.

Margaret Deland is said to have re-written "John Ward" six times before it was given to the printer.

Mr. William Archer's study in the psychology of acting, entitled "Masks or Faces," is almost ready.

Prof. Graetz, who in his well-known "History of the Jews" discoursed eloquently upon the expulsion of his co-religionists

from Spain, has just been elected an honorary member of the Royal Academy at Madrid.

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. announce Charles Beaugrande's "Walks Abroad of Two Young Naturalists," translated from the French by David Sharp, President of the London Entomological Society.

"A Vocabulary to the First Six Books of the Iliad," by Prof. Thomas D. Seymore of Yale, will be published by Ginn & Co. in March.

S. S. Rider, Providence, R. I., announces a general index to the first series of "Rhode Island Historical Tracts," with a "correction of all known errors."

The author of "Salad for the Solitary and the Social," Mr. Fred. Saunders, of the New York Astor Library, is about to publish another work in the same vein, which he names "Stray Leaves of Literature." Thomas Whittaker will issue the volume early in December.

We note the strange statement in English papers that Ouida, Miss Jennie Fotherhill, and Mr. G. R. Simms, are collaborating in a forthcoming Christmas annual intended as an exploitation of a much advertised "patent medicine." If true, it is a discreditable business.

Zola is now completing his Rougon-Macquart series of novels—a collection of studies in which he evidently undertook to rival Balzac. It is not apparent that Balzac has been rivalled. Having dealt with the various phases of political, civil, and religious life in France, Zola proposes to take in hand next a story devoted to the French army. After that will come a final work, a general resumé, the hero of which will be a medical man of the Rougan family, who will analyze the divers forms of insanity which his relatives have exhibited in previous volumes. Zola's original intention was that the series should comprise twenty volumes, but it will probably only extend to nineteen. Of these sixteen are written, one is in hand, and there will be two more to come.

An elaborate historical work—somewhat similar in scale to that of Mr. H. H. Bancroft for the Pacific States of North America, says the *London Academy*, is announced from Australia. Mr. G. B. Barton, of Sydney, has undertaken to write a history of New South Wales from official records, in fifteen volumes, each volume covering the term of a Governor's administration. The first volume will include the letters written by Governor Phillip previous to his departure from England and while on his voyage, and also his despatches from Sydney which have not before been published.

Mrs. Oliphant's just published "Life of Principal Tullock" has been received with marked commendation by the London journals, and this admirable and versatile writer has clearly made a success in yet another field.

The new volume in "Biographies of the Great Composers" will be "Mendelssohn," by I. Cuthbert Hadden.

It is now quite certain, according to *London Truth*, that the promised biography of Mr. Delane, once editor of the *London Times*, about which there was considerable talk a few years ago, will never appear.

The admirers of the Buchholz Family will be glad to hear that they are going abroad. "Frau Buchholz in the Orient" was announced to come forth in Berlin the middle of this month, and it will no doubt soon find its way into English. The good frau ought to be immensely funny under those surroundings.

Messrs. Hurst & Blackett write: "We are informed that an impostor has lately visited Ceylon, and has passed herself off as Edna Lyall, the author of "Donovan," etc. Possibly this person may have something to do with the very extraordinary reports which for some time have been afloat with regard to Miss Lyall; and since these reports are of a very annoying nature, and have been extensively circulated, the Press would be doing Miss Lyall a service by promulgating the following facts: Edna Lyall (Miss Ada Ellen Bayly) is the youngest daughter of the late Robert Bayly, of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law. She was brought up as, and has always remained, a member of the Church of England; and for the last few years has resided at Eastbourne."

"Die Gred" is the title of a new novel by Georg Ebers, announced in Germany. It is a story of Nuremberg in the fifteenth century and is said to be full of life and action, giving a vivid representation of the old city in its palmy days.

A new novel by the popular German author, Paul Lindau, entitled "Spitzen," a story of Berlin life, is in press in that city.

For the first edition, says the *London Publishers' Circular*, of Sir Morell Mackenzie's great book, "The Fatal Illness of Frederick, the Noble," twenty-eight tons of paper were used; the printers used 4 cwt. of printing ink, and the binders 3½ miles of cloth.

These figures are, perhaps, unprecedented in connection with the first issue of any book.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

THE proprietors of the Boston *Writer* are to begin on January 1st the publication of a companion periodical, to be called *The Author*. It will admit selected as well as original matter.

It is the plan of *Harper's Magazine* to issue a Christmas number which shall be not only complete in itself, but arranged on lines somewhat different from those followed during the rest of the year; and the articles in the Christmas number for 1888 were selected, evidently, with this end in view. The originality of its pages is, perhaps, most striking in the short stories (the serial stories all ended in the November number)—as in "The Christmas Story of a Little Church," by Grace King, "Sorsus Dismal," by W. W. Archer, and "The Front Yard," by Miss Woolson.

The next number of *The Century* is to contain Henry Ward Beecher's last manuscript, an uncompleted paper on his trip to England in 1863, and which he was writing during the last week of his life.

In the October number of the *Forum* Archdeacon Farrar made a narrative of Tolstoi's remarkable career, explained the religious meaning and the literary value of his great novels, and criticised his religious teachings. Both American and English readers expressed a desire for a more specific explanation by so high an authority of the difference between Tolstoi's rigid interpretation of the teachings of Jesus and the interpretation made by the mass of Protestant believers. This second article will appear in the *Forum* for December.

The Gesellschaft Urania of Berlin has issued the prospectus of a new popular illustrated monthly to be entitled *Himmel und Erde*. As its name implies, the scope of the magazine will be broad enough to include Astronomy, Physics, Optics, Geography, and Meteorology.

At the general meeting of the Allgemeine Deutsche Schriftsteller-Verband, held on October 31st at Leipzig, it was unanimously decided to unite the association with the newly founded Deutsche Schriftsteller-Verband. The official organ of the two societies will appear fortnightly under the title of *Deutsche Schriftstellerwelt*.

A new novel by Captain Charles King will be begun at once in *Harper's Weekly*, called "Between the Lines."

Information is the title of a new instructive weekly, the first number of which has just appeared in London. Messrs. Merritt and Hatcher are the publishers.

Scotland has never until now had a weekly journal of high class, resembling the London weeklies. The vacancy is about to be filled by the appearance of *The Scots Observer*, T. A. Constable, Edinburgh. Mr. J. N. Dunn will be its managing editor.

ART NOTES.

THE Art Club of Philadelphia announces an exhibition of oil and water-color paintings to be held at the club house, commencing December 1st, 1888, and continuing until February 1st. The Club will collect contributions on the 26th and 27th of November, and will return the same after the exhibition, free of charge.

Last season, it will be remembered, the Club held monthly exhibitions which proved attractive but which were open to criticism as not sustaining a sufficiently high standard of merit. This season, the above noted exhibition and possibly another, to be held during the spring, will constitute the sum of the club's undertakings in this direction. The understanding is that with but two collections to make, separated by an interval of several months, a higher standard can be established and more restrictive judgment exercised in making selections.

Within the past few years, it has become somewhat fashionable to take an interest in etchings, and people who are supposed to know everything about art are expected to be more or less familiar with the best current prints. An opportunity to study the work of one of the first of American painter-etchers is afforded by the special exhibition,—briefly referred to last week,—now open at the McClees galleries on Chestnut street, the artist being Peter Moran, an acknowledged leader of his guild. The collection includes nearly all the artist's recent works, many of which have not yet been published. The prints are in most cases proof-impressions, a large proportion of them taken by the artist; some being unique, and a number representing editions of five to twenty copies. The subjects are for the most part Mr. Moran's paintings and drawings; cattle-pieces and farm-scenes in Pennsylvania, Indian and Mexican studies, picturesque wayside bits of New England landscape, architectural effects and genre incidents. There

are examples of reproduction of other artists' works, plates after James Hart, Treacy, Picknell, Van Marck, Volz, Charles Jacque, J. Moran, and H. Ronner among the number. Peter Moran stands among the first of the painter-etchers of this country and his work is appreciated and esteemed even more highly in Europe than at home. The present is the first special exhibition of his plates in this city and it is to be hoped it will meet with due recognition from the limited number who really take a live interest in artistic productions in black and white.

The Autumnal Exhibition of the National Academy of Design was opened to the public on Monday. The catalogue seems to be especially remarkable for the large number of new names it contains. Nearly all the younger artists and recent graduates in New York must have sent contributions, most of them modest efforts on small canvases. The elder painters and particularly the Academicians seem to be reserving their work for the Spring Exhibition, which is, after all, the one important event of the year in the American world of art.

The next annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists will be held in the Fifth Avenue Galleries, New York. Contributions are to be sent in on the 2nd and 3rd of May, 1889. The exhibition will open on the 11th of May and will continue during the ensuing five weeks.

Newspaper correspondents writing from England state that if encouragement enough is offered, the collection of Burne Jones' pictures now on exhibition in London, can be secured for a tour of the larger cities in this country during the spring. If it is a question of profit that requires to be settled in advance, the probabilities are the venture will not be made. It is doubtful if a Burne Jones exhibition could be made to pay, except, by a possibility, in New York, and by a more remote possibility, in Boston.

The most important artistic contribution so far offered from this country for the Paris International Exposition is an immense picture of New York harbor as seen from the Brooklyn bridge. It is of panoramic proportions and was painted for the Eden Musée by Emil Renouf, a French painter of some repute, who came here last spring to execute this commission.

SCIENCE NOTES.

IT is interesting, though not important, to know that several instances have been collected of writers and scientists who have had more or less clear conceptions of the theory of natural selection long before the appearance of the "Origin of Species." In Robert Bakewell's "Introduction to Geology," published in 1833, says a writer in *Science*, the chief points of the Darwinian theory are expressed, and they are founded on observation of nature. In the quotation given from Mr. Bakewell, the most significant lines are as follows: "Let us suppose that a number of individuals of one species of bivalve were driven into a distant part of the ocean. . . . Under these different circumstances, is it not probable that the animals themselves would undergo some change, and modify the construction of their shells to some degree, to render them better suited to their new conditions?" Mr. H. S. Williams, of Cornell University, the author of the communication, suggests that Darwin in his youth may have caught this idea from Bakewell. This is altogether improbable, as Darwin's attention could not in his very early years have been turned to a subject involving such broad generalization, while the naturalist himself records in his book that his idea of the origin of species first occurred to him during the voyage of the "Beagle."

The eruption of the volcano Krakatoa, near the island of Java, which occurred Aug. 27, 1883, has been made the subject of an elaborate report by a committee of specialists appointed by the Royal Society of England. The report, which has been published by Trübner, forms a large quarto volume. Some idea of the completeness of the investigation may be obtained from the following summary of its contents. (1) "The Volcanic Phenomena of the Eruption, and the Nature and Distribution of the Ejected Materials," by Prof. J. W. Judd. This gentleman concludes among other things, that all volcanic activity is due to the percolation of water into rock masses, there forming new compounds which are acted upon by subterranean heat. He repudiates the theory hitherto generally held, that volcanic activity is due to the contact of water with heated rock surfaces through actual fissures. (2) "The Air-Waves and Sounds caused by the Eruption." The atmospheric oscillations caused by the explosions during the eruption were, according to this report, traced in their progress as many as seven times around the earth, having nearly the ordinary velocity of sound. (3) "The Seismic Sea-Waves caused by the Eruption." To the west of the East Indies the undulations referred to were traced as far as Cape Horn; to the north and east they were detected to a distance of 450 miles. (4) "The Unusual Optical Phenomena of the Atmosphere." This

is the subject most fully treated in the report, the number of phenomena observed being large and having various complications. The fifth and concluding part of the report treats of the "Magnetic and Electrical Phenomena which accompanied the Eruption." A letter from one of the consulates on the island of Java records that on a recent visit to Krakatoa, the writer was surprised to find the island covered with vegetation to its summit, although the destruction of vegetation caused by the eruption in 1883 was complete,

The black, smoky fogs of London are becoming so repugnant to the senses of many of the residents of that city that an agitation is going on for the suppression of the nuisance, while an association called the Smoke Abatement Institution has been in active operation for some time. A discourse delivered by Mr. F. A. R. Russell before this society has the title "Smoke in relation to Fogs in London." The smoke arising from factory and other industrial chimneys has long ceased to trouble Londoners, as by act of Parliament furnace owners are prohibited from pouring their smoke into the atmosphere, and a system of inspection and penalties enforces this law. The regulation does not, however, apply to household fire-places, and it is against these that Mr. Russell speaks. He computes that the actual loss sustained by the city through the occurrence of black fogs is £5,000,000 annually, such items as damage to walls and wall-paper, extra washing, window-cleaning, extra lighting, chimney-sweeping, and impairment of health being taken into consideration. He recommends as a substitute for coal the use of gas or coke, or if open fires are insisted on, the use of improved smokeless grates.

The *Scientific American*, of Nov. 10, contains the following note: "The excavations commenced by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ, are still being energetically carried on, and continue every day to bring to light fresh objects of archaeological and anthropological interest. The entire terrain around the town is full of tombs belonging to an epoch antecedent to Homer. These sepulchres are cut in the solid rock and carefully formed in regular compartments, with an area of from 35 to 40 square meters. In these chambers the dead were laid without being covered, nor were they cremated, as at the time of Homer. Among the numerous objects discovered at Mycenæ in the course of the latest excavations are articles of glass, crystal, and ivory, besides precious stones with engravings of animals charmingly executed."

A simple and efficient device has been in use for several years in France which relieves a horse from the severe strain that accompanies the starting of a heavy load. In cities especially such contrivances are needed, and most of all by the usually over-driven street-car horse. The device consists in a spiral spring, of power in proportion to the average load carried, and which is attached at the end of the trace. The horses at the Eastern Railway dépôt in Paris, where the springs have been used for six years in shifting cars, show an improvement since that time in general soundness of condition, while the number of sore and strained necks has greatly diminished. There has also been a large saving in the way of broken harness. The same idea has been applied to plowing harness, and was, we believe, among the exhibits of farming implements at the State Fair of New Jersey this year.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- PREPARATORY FRENCH READER. By O. B. Super. Pp. 224. \$—. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
- LITTLE ONES ANNUAL. Stories and Poems for Little People. (350 Illustrations.) Pp. 384. \$1.75. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
- CHATTERBOX. 1888. Edited by J. Erskine Clark. Pp. 412. \$1.25. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
- THE KNOCKABOUT CLUB IN THE ANTILLES AND THEREABOUT. By F. A. Ober. Pp. 239. \$1.50. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
- ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN THE ANTIPODES. By Hezekiah Butterworth. Pp. 320. \$1.75. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
- RUN DOWN. A Psychological Novel. By George D. Cox. Pp. 242. Paper. \$0.25. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.
- LE REVE. By Emile Zola. Translated by George D. Cox. Pp. 290. Paper. \$0.25. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.
- RUTH, THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST; or, The New Hygeia. By John Chester, M. D., D. D. Pp. 343. Boston: H. H. Carter & Karrick.
- THE ULSTER GUARD AT GETTYSBURG. A Poem. By Henry Abbey. Pp. 20. \$0.25. Rondout, N. Y.: Published by the "Kingston Freeman."
- THE ALTAR OF EARTH. By Mrs. S. T. Childs. Pp. 207. \$0.60. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.
- MR. DARWING'S DAUGHTER. By Helen B. Williams. Pp. 365. \$1.25. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.
- BRYAN MAURICE, OR THE SEEKER. By Walter Mitchell. Pp. 238. Paper. \$0.50. New York: Thomas Whittaker.
- THE LAST OF THE HUGGERMUGGERS. A Giant Story. By Christopher Pearse Cranch. Pp. 70. \$—. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE. From May, 1888, to October, 1888. Vol. XXXVI. (New Series Vol. XIV.) Pp. 960. \$3.00. New York: The Century Co.

ST. NICHOLAS. An Illustrated Magazine for Young Folks. Conducted by Mary Mapes Dodge. Volume XV., November, 1887, to October, 1888. In two parts. Pp. 960. Price \$4.00. New York: The Century Co.

KOBBOLOZO. A Sequel to the Last of the Huggermuggers. By Christopher Pearse Cranch. Pp. 95. \$—. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER; or, The Black Brothers. By John Ruskin. (Illustrations by Richard Doyle.) Pp. 68. \$—. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

CASIMIR MAREMMA. A Story. By Arthur Helps. Pp. 300. \$0.75. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

PEN. By the Author of "Miss Toosey's Mission," etc. Pp. 294. \$1.00. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

WITH SA'DI IN THE GARDEN; or, The Book of Love. By Sir Edwin Arnold. Pp. 211. \$1.00. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

COUSIN BETTE. By Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Pp. 557. \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

IRELAND UNDER COERCION. The Diary of an American. By William Henry Hurlbert. Pp. 475. \$1.75.

SCOTCH CAPS. By Jak. Pp. 308. \$1.25. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

BRENTANO'S ROMANTIC LIBRARY. No. 1. [T. Gautier's "Jettatura"; Féval's "A Noble Sacrifice"; Sardou's "The Black Pearl."] Pp. 255. Paper. \$0.50. New York: Brentano's.

KATHLEEN. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Pp. 212. \$0.25. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

DRIFT.

THE appearance for the first time of the *chef d'œuvre* of a distinguished Italian writer, not in Rome or London or Paris, but from the press of a Boston firm, is certainly a striking and exceptional occurrence, and a most significant tribute to an American publishing house. Rodolfo Lanciani, the eminent archaeologist, and the best living authority upon the subject of Roman excavations and antiquities, instead of issuing his book in Europe, has written it in English and published it in the United States. Few people are aware of the enormous amount that has been spent in Rome by the department of public works since 1870, in beautifying and improving "The Eternal City." It is difficult to realize what an entire transformation Rome has undergone within a recent period, and more difficult still to have any idea what an astonishing revelation of ancient manners and customs the excavations in modern Rome have proved. These excavations, undertaken and carried on under Rodolfo Lanciani's control, he now describes in his "Ancient Rome in the Light of Modern Discoveries," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Of the vigor, elegance, and perspicuity of Lanciani's style it is difficult to speak with moderation, and of the book itself, looked at purely from a physical standpoint, it is enough to say that, realizing their peculiar position, the publishers have produced a volume which justifies Lanciani in regarding the United States as ahead of the whole world in the high art of book-manufacture.

The most unscrupulous use of the federal patronage ever known in this country did not help the Democracy in Buchanan's time. Uninterrupted possession for twenty-four years did not save the Republican party in 1884. And the abject surrender of Cleveland to the spoilsmen did not save Indiana to the party, or prevent heavy losses in Maryland, or carry New York, or win it a single new State. The fact is that the use of offices to control elections is played out. The spoils system is not only bad in itself and destructive in its tendencies, but it is a fatal incubus on the party in power. President Harrison will help himself, strengthen his party, and appear as both patriot and statesman if he shall push practical civil service reform to the limit—*St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

The *Publisher's Weekly*, (New York), says: Mr. Vizetelly, the London publisher, has been fined £100 for publishing translations of Zola's "La Terre." The fine was considered nominal, and made so on condition that Mr. Vizetelly should withdraw his copies. We believe this completes the list of the nations which have decided to draw the line at "La Terre." The United States Treasury Department had for some time been holding the French edition and invoices of an English translation in doubt as to what to do. Finally, a copy in a German translation reached the New York Post-office—the only one in that language received here—which was submitted to three inspectors. Two decided the work to be offensive, the other that it was obscene. Thereupon the Treasury Department proceeded to make an official literal translation from the original, and at last has decided that "La Terre" is to be committed to the flames.

The excavations at Mycenæ, made by the Archaeological Society during the past season have been very satisfactory. Fifty pre-historic tombs have been opened in the vicinity of the ancient city, and a large number of valuable relics of pre-historic age has been discovered. Among them are stones with inscriptions, so-called island gems, copper vases, and a variety of other objects in ivory, gold, and glass. Nearly the whole collection will be brought to Athens and deposited in the museum.

AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER, BILIOUS DISORDERS, SICK HEADACHE, ETC., thoroughly cured by Dr. Jayne's Sensitive Pills. Acting as a general laxative, they remove all irritating and fecal matter from the bowels, gradually change the vitiated secretions of the stomach and liver, and restore these organs to a healthy condition.

FINANCIAL.

THE FINANCE COMPANY
OF PENNSYLVANIA.

CHARTER PERPETUAL.

Capital, Full Paid, - \$2,500,000.
Capital Authorized, - \$5,000,000.

OFFICE, BULLITT BUILDING, PHILA.

Transacts a general Banking Business, Negotiates State, Municipal, Railroad, and other Loans.
Issues Certificates of Deposit, in amounts to suit, drawing interest at rates varying with length of time of deposit. Also allows interest on daily balances of active accounts of corporations, merchants, tradesmen, and others, subject to check as in any bank.
Accepts the transfer agency and registry of stocks, and acts as Trustee of mortgages of corporations.

DIRECTORS.

Wharton Barker, Charlemagne Tower, Jr.,
John H. Converse, T. Morris Perot,
Geo. DeB. Keim, Geo. W. Blabon,
James Dougherty, Philip C. Garrett,
Simon B. Fleisher, Isaac R. Childs,
Isaac Hough.

WHARTON BARKER, PRESIDENT.
CHARLEMAGNE TOWER, JR., VICE-PRESIDENT.
SIMON A. STERN, TREASURER.
RUSSELL STURGIS HUBBARD, SECRETARY.

LOMBARD INVESTMENT COMPANY.

Guarantee Fund . . . \$3,000,000.
Offers 6 Per Cent. First Mortgages on Farm and City Properties.

REASONS FOR INVESTING IN THE SECURITIES
OF THIS COMPANY:

First. Because it has had 35 years' experience without the loss of a dollar to a single investor.
Second. Because its conservative management is insured by the double liability of its stockholders.
Third. Because nearly 500 of the most prominent financial, business and charitable corporations, including about 60 Savings Banks, 50 Universities, Colleges and Academies, 70 General Church Boards and Churches, and 20 to 30 Insurance Companies, have invested in its loans for many years.
Fourth. Because these loans are readily negotiable, easily available as collateral, and, while paying a good interest, can be procured at par.
Fifth. Because the principal and interest of every loan are guaranteed by a fund amounting to about \$3,000,000.

PHILADELPHIA DIRECTORS:

GEO. PHILLER, President First National Bank.
GEO. M. TROUTMAN, Pres. Central Nat'l Bank.
WM. R. BEMENT, Industrial Iron Works.
GEO. BURNHAM, Baldwin Locomotive Works.
WM. McGEORGE, Jr., Attorney-at-law.

The Loans of the above Company. In amounts from \$250 to \$20,000, can be had at par and accrued interest from

WILLIAM McGEORGE, Jr.
Bullitt Building,

Send for Pamphlet. 181-143 South 4th St., Phila.

THE INVESTMENT COMPANY OF
PHILADELPHIA,
310 CHESTNUT STREET.

CAPITAL, \$4,000,000. FULL PAID.

Conducts a general Banking business.
Allows Interest on Deposits, Subject to Check; or on Certificates.
Buys and Sells Bills of Exchange, drawing on Baring Bros. & Co., London. Also on Paris, Berlin, and Hamburg.
Issues Baring Bros. & Co.'s Circular Letters of Credit available in all parts of the world.
Negotiates Securities, Railroad, State, Municipal, etc.
Offers for Sale First-class Investment Securities.

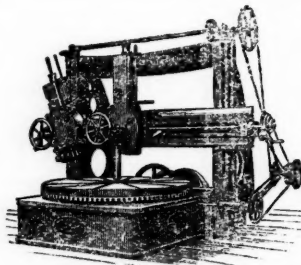
OFFICERS:

WILLIAM BROCKIE, President.
HENRY C. GIBSON, Vice President.
HENRY M. HOYT, Jr., Treasurer.
ETHELBERT WATTS, Secretary.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

WILLIAM BROCKIE, WHARTON BARKER,
GEORGE S. PEPPER, HENRY C. GIBSON,
MORTON McMICHAEL, T. WISTAR BROWN,
ISAAC H. CLOTHIER.

MANUFACTURERS AND ENGINEERS.



WM. SELLERS & CO., INCORPORATED,

Engineers and Manufacturers of
Machine Tools.

PHILADELPHIA.

Pennsylvania Steel Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

STEEL RAILS,
RAILWAY FROGS, CROSSINGS AND
SWITCHES.

BILLETS, SLABS, AND FORGINGS OF OPEN-
HEARTH AND BESSEMER STEEL.

WORKS AT STEELTON, DAUPHIN CO., PA.

OFFICE, 208 S. 4TH ST., PHILADELPHIA.

THE

WILLIAM CRAMP & SONS
SHIP AND ENGINE BUILDING CO.

BASIN, DRY DOCK, AND MA-
RINE RAILWAY,

Beach and Palmer Streets, Phila.

SHIPYARD AND MACHINE
SHOPS,

Beach and Norris Streets, Phila.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 44 BROADWAY.

Established 1847.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A. WHITNEY & SONS,
CAR WHEEL WORKS

CHILLED AND STEEL-TIRED WHEELS, with or
without AXLES, for every kind of Railway and Tram-
way service. CASTINGS, chilled or not chilled.

SEED WAREHOUSES.

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS,

The Oldest Established and Most Complete Seed
Establishment in America. Over one hundred (100)
years in business.

Over 1,500 acres under cultivation growing



21 and 23 S. Sixth Street, and S. E. Cor. of Del-
aware Avenue and Arch Street, Phila.

SEEDS, IMPLEMENTS, AND TOOLS,
and all other requisites for Garden and Farm. Cata-
logue and prices mailed free on application.

FINE ARTS.



Engravings,
Etchings,
Paintings,
Easels,
Pedestals,
Picture
Frames,

806 Market Street, Phila., Pa.

DRY GOODS.

FOR DRY GOODS

THE BEST PLACE IS

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER'S,

MARKET
EIGHTH } STREETS.
FILBERT }

One of the largest buildings in the city, and the
Largest Establishment in America devoted exclu-
sively to

--: DRY GOODS :--

The stock includes Silks, Dress Goods,
Trimmings, Millinery, Hosiery and Underwear,
Gloves, House-furnishing Goods, Carpets, Ready-
made Dresses and Wraps, and everything that
may be needed either for dress or house-fur-
nishing purposes. It is believed that unusual
inducements are offered, as the stock is among
the largest to be found in the American market
and the prices are guaranteed to be uniformly a
few as elsewhere on similar qualities of Goods.

The American.

Index and Title-pages for Volume XV.
(October 22, 1887, to April 14, 1888), can be
had upon application to the publishers of
THE AMERICAN. P. O. Box 924, Phila-
delphia.